

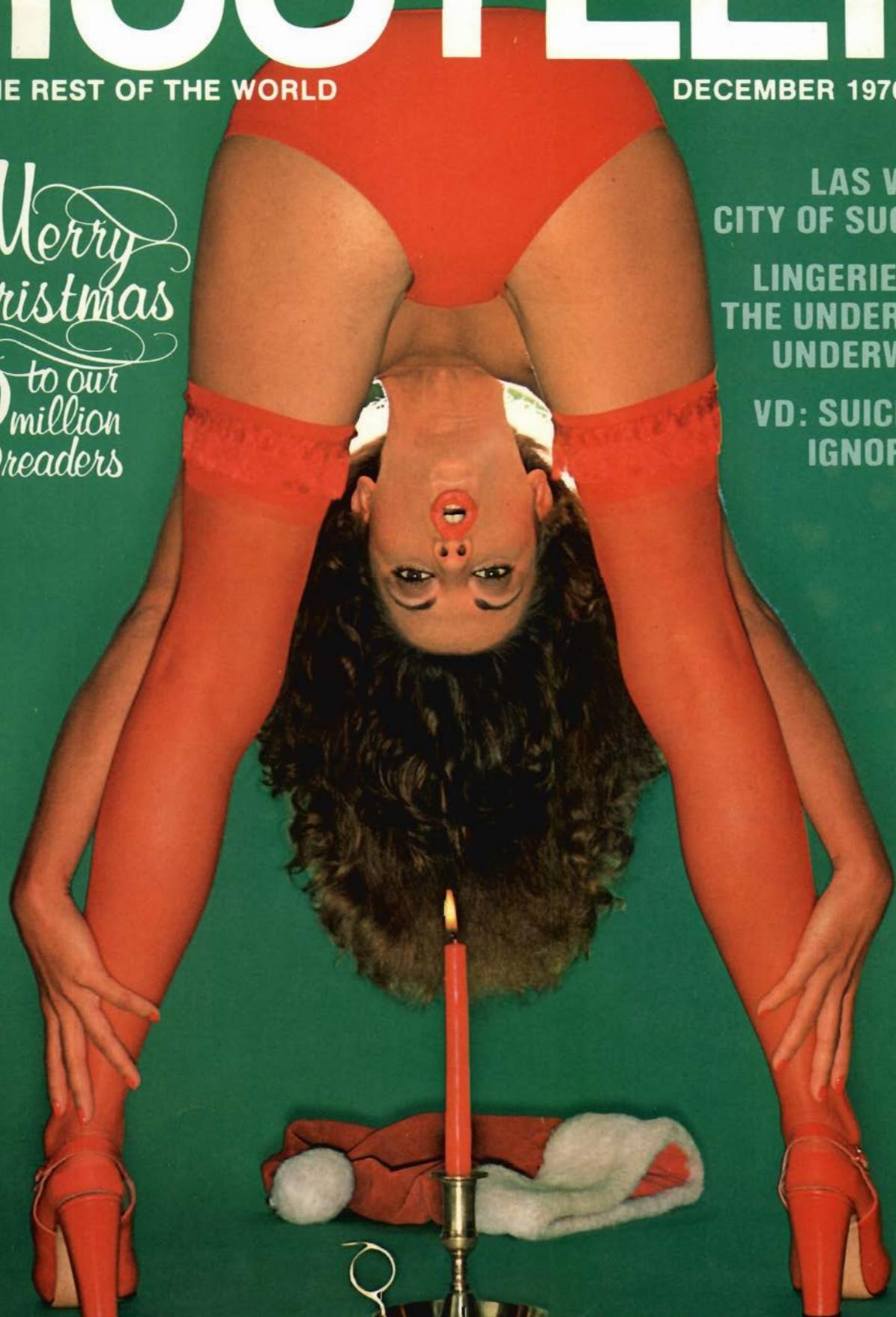
LIFE-SIZE
CHRISTMAS CENTERFOLD

HUSTLER

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

DECEMBER 1976 \$2.25

*Merry
Christmas
to our
3 million
readers*



LAS VEGAS:
CITY OF SUCKERS
LINGERIE LOVE:
THE UNDERWEAR
UNDERWORLD
VD: SUICIDE BY
IGNORANCE

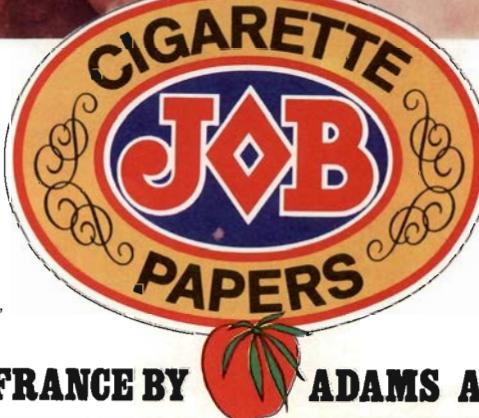
strawberry

strawberry
r

A paper and a half,
the perfect size
rolling paper.

JOB one-point-five

one-point-five



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celebration of
strawberry-flavored,
pink rice paper.

Bigger by half than a
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than a double-wide.

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now available in three sizes: double-width,
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BROUGHT TO YOU FROM FRANCE BY  **ADAMS APPLE DISTRIBUTING CO.**

JOB's Greatest Hits

Includes two packs **JOB** double-wide papers, white and wheat, and two packs **JOB one • point • five** strawberry and white. (Only one sample to a family, please.)

For more information,
see our coupon, pg. 130

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MAIL-ORDER
FEEDBACK
Cum Meter.

DEC. 1976 VOL. 3 NO. 6

Feedback

COOL BREESE

My criticism of HUSTLER directly relates to its tastelessness; i.e., *Most Tasteless Cartoon*, frequent references to genital slaughter and the like. Your public service ads against smoking are without a doubt the most disgusting pictures I have ever seen, and what's worse you show a photo of a nude lovely smoking a cigarette in the same issue as the disgusting ad.

I bought your October issue because of the Baby Breese feature, which I found to be among the best photo features ever (fantastic bung shots), but as usual the rest of the magazine let me down.

Peter Aspen
Stow, Massachusetts

Your article about Lindsay Freeman ("Baby Breese," October 1976) was very good. But I don't see what was so important about the pink, as you say. A classy-looking girl such as this has enough charm and innocence just the way she is. Any pose of hers would melt the heart of anyone. And what do you mean she's a gaping asshole? You have the balls indeed.

D. Simmons
Coupeville, Washington

First, thanks for your magazine. Sure, it grosses me out sometimes, but it's refreshing in our staid, ultratight society.

Second, I loved your coverage of Baby Breese (aka Lindsay Freeman). However, a couple of shots you took I didn't understand. I got the impression that showing her asshole was a put-down, but hell, it was beautiful. I wish all your pictorials offered that.

Regarding your slam against *Penthouse* for portraying Baby Breese as a 12 year old in their January 1976 issue: It's not mentioned in the copy I have.

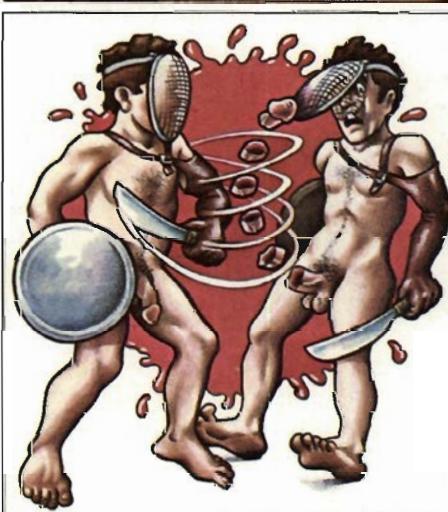
Paul S. Britt
Bellevue, Nebraska

Penthouse implied that Breese was 12 years old by portraying her in a shirt with the number 12 on it (reproduced on our October cover). Word spread that she was really 12, and *Penthouse*, in effect, lied by omission in not giving her true age (20). When you consider the trouble she gave us and our photographer in getting photos of HUSTLER-style pink, the concept of asshole in connection with Breese goes beyond the gaping cavity near her shopworn cunt.

GETTING THEIR COOKIES

To my mind, HUSTLER is by far the best magazine on the market. I like your frank, candid, no-bullshit articles. You get right down to the real nitty-gritty.

When I bought your October 1976 issue, I thumbed through it at the store, and "Cookie" almost made me cream my jeans right then and there. Let's have more spreads like the one you



did on "Cookie." That was fantastic photography!

Some of your cartoons and pictures are downright grotesque, but I love 'em. It's about time someone came out with a virtually unscrupulous magazine.

Larry Henley
Carson, California

While I usually write only two letters a year, I felt compelled to write you about "Cookie" in the October 1976 issue. I must say that including her in HUSTLER was a masterstroke. On a rating of 1-10 (10 equals Miss America), she rates a 12. Or to put it another way, "She's enough to make a queer normal."

Bill Maile
Chicago, Illinois

MACHETES VS. LIONS?

I am writing to you concerning your illustrations. The one on page 84 of the October 1976 issue illustrating "Getting It Up for the Game" is the one that did it to me. The drawing in the upper left-hand corner (machete fighting) is completely revolting.

I have fun looking at your open beaver shots, and the photos of Baby Breese are something else, but please leave the disgusting illustrations out of your otherwise excellent publication.

I love it whenever you print something against religious people. I have been a victim of them in more ways than one. If you must use that kind of artwork, why not show religious fanatics being thrown to the lions, like in the good old days of Rome?

David Meadows
Healdton, Oklahoma

PERMISSIVE ASSHOLE

I write as a reader of HUSTLER from the area where your "Asshole of the Month" for October 1976, Judge Louis Glaser, operates.

Glaser's latest caper is to assign local police to visit neighborhood magazine stands each month to inspect sexy publications. As a result, about the only publications the vendors feel free to display are *Reader's Digest* and *Today's Health*.

The inspection gig is one the police are not happy to shoulder, feeling that there are more pressing duties calling for attention. Local crime is soaring, due in no small part to Glaser's alleged permissive attitude toward young thugs and hoodlums.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

FREEDOM TO FUCK

In your October 1976 *Statement*, you talk about the right to oral and anal sex, and you use the word *freedom*. Rights and freedom are more than words. They are statements to believe in.

But in the back of your magazine (*Mail-Order Mania*) you advertise crap (Spanish fly, Passion Plus and Knockout Pills) that takes away the rights and freedom of people to choose their

Statement

HAVE IT YOUR WAY

One year ago this month, I spoke directly to you readers from the cover of *HUSTLER* and informed you of my determination to publish erotica without the censorship of advertisers. The loss of advertising revenue made readers' reaction to the price increase a critical element in our survival. Your great support assured *HUSTLER*'s continued success and has enabled it to prosper unlike any other magazine in publishing history. Our paid circulation has more than doubled—from last December's 1.2 million to today's nearly 2.5 million. Over the past year, profits have enabled me to dramatically improve the magazine's quality by expanding our staff to include some of the brightest young talent in the publishing world and to launch a second exciting men's publication, *CHIC* (which is also coming on strong). Because of this fantastic acceptance by the adult reading public, *HUSTLER* is cited in news magazines as a barometer of social change in the same way *Playboy* and *Esquire* used to be.

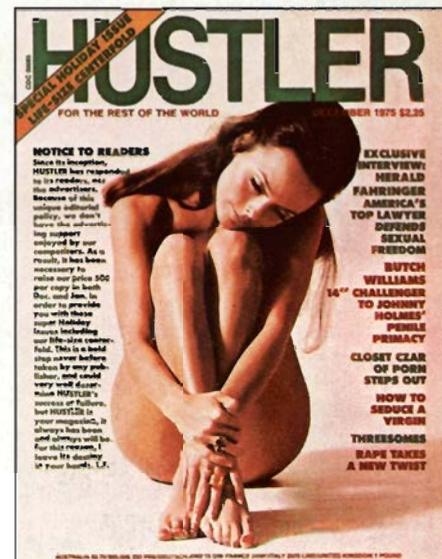
In short, *HUSTLER* has arrived. However, we haven't gotten fat and happy and complacent with our success. We have dropped the bottom out of the magazine world, but we will not be satisfied until we're on top.

We may be better off financially than we were a year ago, but I'm the same

hardworking guy who appreciates the value of the money you spend on my magazine and who will give you your money's worth—without the gutless conservatism I despise and won't permit in my product. Like me, my staff is fed up with hearing, "But, you can't do that," so we delight in shattering taboos. We're eating regularly now, but we're still hungry—snarling and eager to rip away the repressive curtain of bluenosed morality and hypocrisy in America. We intend to continue to bring you the high level of erotic entertainment, in-depth reporting and irreverent humor that you've demanded during the last year.

To do that, we need your continued support. Our future direction will be set only by your tastes and interests—not by the reins of advertisers. We promise to blaze new trails in the future as we have in the past. If you want to see it in a men's magazine, you'll see it here first. We won't spare the money or the man-hours to bring you the best of whatever gets you off.

HUSTLER will continue to be the boldest, most irreverent, independent magazine in the world, featuring the most beautiful, sensuous women in the world. We will continue to piss off the censors, put down the stuffed shirts and turn on our readers. That's what you want, and because of your support



that's what you are going to get.

If that means we occasionally lock horns with the law, so be it. We've already done that in Cincinnati and Cleveland, and it hasn't caused us to tone down *HUSTLER* a bit. I will edit this magazine from a prison cell if necessary, but the erotic impact of *HUSTLER* will not be compromised, it will be strengthened.

Happy holidays!


Larry Flynt
Editor and Publisher

Show & Tell



IT'S A GIFT

Christmas is a time for giving, but sometimes the gift you give your lover is one she doesn't want—venereal disease. **VD**, by HUSTLER Articles Editor **MARK BAKER**—a former editor of Francis Ford Coppola's *City* magazine—dispels the myths surrounding this pubic plague.

MICHAEL TOOHEY inadvertently avoided VD during his adolescent years through nasal sex—sniffing panties, to be exact. The details of this and other ways of enjoying women's unmentionables are revealed in **LINGERIE LOVE**, December's **SEX PLAY**. Michael recently joined the staff as pervert-in-residence.

Another welcome addition to HUSTLER's Round Table of Twisted Minds is cartoonist **JOE KOHL**, whose off-the-wall humor complements the fine work of HUSTLER Humor and Cartoon Editor (and creator of **CHESTER THE MOLESTER**) **DWAIN B. TINSLEY**. Dwaine's fertile imagination conceived **HUSTLER'S SLEAZY SHOPPING GUIDE**, an idea carried to its extreme by artist-writer **STEVE SAYADIAN**, the satirist who blew all your minds with our latest antismoking ad. This takeoff on those *Playboy*-style gift spreads is our way of telling *Playboy* to stick its promotional concepts in its rabbit ears.

Sticking it in an ear seems to be about the only perversion untried by **CHARLES BUKOWSKI**, author of numerous underground novels, short stories and poems, as well as HUSTLER's grisly November fiction piece, *The Fiend*. Bukowski returns to further expose his tastes for liquor, little girls and shoe fucking in this month's **INTERVIEW: DIALOG WITH A DIRTY OLD MAN**, conducted by HUSTLER Managing Editor **BRUCE DAVID**.

Gambling is one of Bukowski's greatest pleasures, but he's too perceptive to fall for the shell game known as Las Vegas. **LAS VEGAS IS FOR LOSERS**, by **JIM MICHAELS**, exposes how casinos keep out gamblers who have effective "systems" for beating the house. Getting fucked by trying to beat the odds is also the theme of **IN THE DEAD OF WINTER**, December's fiction by **J. R. RIVERS**. The illustration for this tale is by **MICHAEL KANAREK**, a versatile artist whose work has illustrated the *New York Times*, *Screw* and HUSTLER's October parody, *Getting It Up for the Game*.

Finally, to keep warm on these cold winter nights, curl up with the lovely ladies who complete the gifted HUSTLER Christmas package. We think your Yule log will be smokin' after you've lit into it.

Althea Flynt

Associate Publisher
and Executive Editor



Baker



Kohl



Tinsley



Kanarek

HUSTLER

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

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EDITOR & PUBLISHER

ALTHEA FLYNT
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER
& EXECUTIVE EDITOR

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MANAGING EDITOR

BOB FLORA
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Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

sexual partner, or to have sex at all. Were your words honestly from your heart, or are there times when you can turn your head if it comes to making money?

Aaron Golstein
Miami, Florida

HUSTLER is devoted to promoting personal freedoms of all sort—especially concerning privacy and sex between consenting adults. I believe that the products you mention are being used by intelligent, consenting men and women to heighten their enjoyment of sex, or I wouldn't run the ads.

—Larry Flynt

MIDGETS IN A GARBAGE CAN?

If dead babies in garbage cans is your notion of humor ... my, my! Yes, *HUSTLER* (October 1976 issue), you have proven to the rest of the world that your magazine is the weakest, most grossly oriented one in all of space and time. Enough. Give up. You made your point. Now hustle your proverbial ass out of this world.

C. W.
Malden, Massachusetts

HUSTLER is a satirical magazine. Irreverence is part of our editorial philosophy. Unfortunately, satire and irreverence sometimes deal with the horrible aspects of life.

IN BLACK AND WHITE

I would like to express my opinion of the September 1976 issue of *HUSTLER*.

As a black woman, I am absolutely appalled at the cartoon on page 54. Throughout *HUSTLER* magazine you have choice Caucasian girls. There is nothing black in your magazine but that cartoon. I can see that *HUSTLER*'s opinion of a black is low and gross! I personally resent this.

I have subscribed to *HUSTLER* for two years, but I am withdrawing my subscription and will tell all my friends to withdraw and go to another magazine that does not exploit black women. It is absolutely ridiculous how magazines such as yours exploit and stereotype black women.

I think *HUSTLER* owes black women an apology. I will buy one more issue to read the apology. After that, you can hang it up!

This letter is coming from a black woman who is proud to be one and is tired of magazines putting black women down!

Ms. Anne Holland
Inglewood, California

In your September 1976 issue of *HUSTLER* on page 54 is a cartoon by Dwaine Tinsley (Cartoon & Humor Editor) that prompted me to write this letter. This is the only cartoon character or picture of a black in *HUSTLER*, and it represents a black woman in a negative manner.

Surely you can find funnier and more tasteful cartoons than ones portraying black women with venereal disease.

Elizabeth Ellzey
Park Forest South, Illinois

Dwaine Tinsley tells us it was never his intention to portray the girl in the cartoon as black. He

credits the Afro to modern hairstyles and said the green objects were not VD sores but Tinsley monsters. You'll see a black chick (Raquel) in January who'll make you proud. And the next bit of racial humor you see in *HUSTLER* will curl your hair

DAWN OF DESIRE

You really hit the jackpot when you found "Dawn, How Green Is My Valley?" in the September 1976 issue. I would have called it, "Dawn, How Lush Is My Valley, How Plush Are My Mounds."

I have never seen a more beautiful, gorgeous creature, and she is edible from the top of her head to the tips of her toes. She has the most beautiful pair of tits with adorable nipples. They were made to be sucked. On page 49, that lush valley below with the clit at attention appears ready for action. I would love to eat the whole thing. This girl is built like a brick shithouse.

Name Withheld by Request
Baltimore, Maryland

I just finished reading your September 1976 issue, and I loved it! Each story was done with perfection. Your jokes and cartoons were funnier than anything ever published in *Playboy* or *Penthouse*.

The girls in your September issue gave me bulges all over. Valerie, Liz and Dawn all gave me great pleasure. But Polly got me hard, weak-kneed and made me sweat all over. I have dreams about drilling that hairy cunt and milking

those round breasts. I hope that you will put Polly on a poster. I am sure that I will buy the entire stock.

HUSTLER, keep up the good work, and turn out more issues like September and more models like Polly.

T. B.
Trumbull, Connecticut

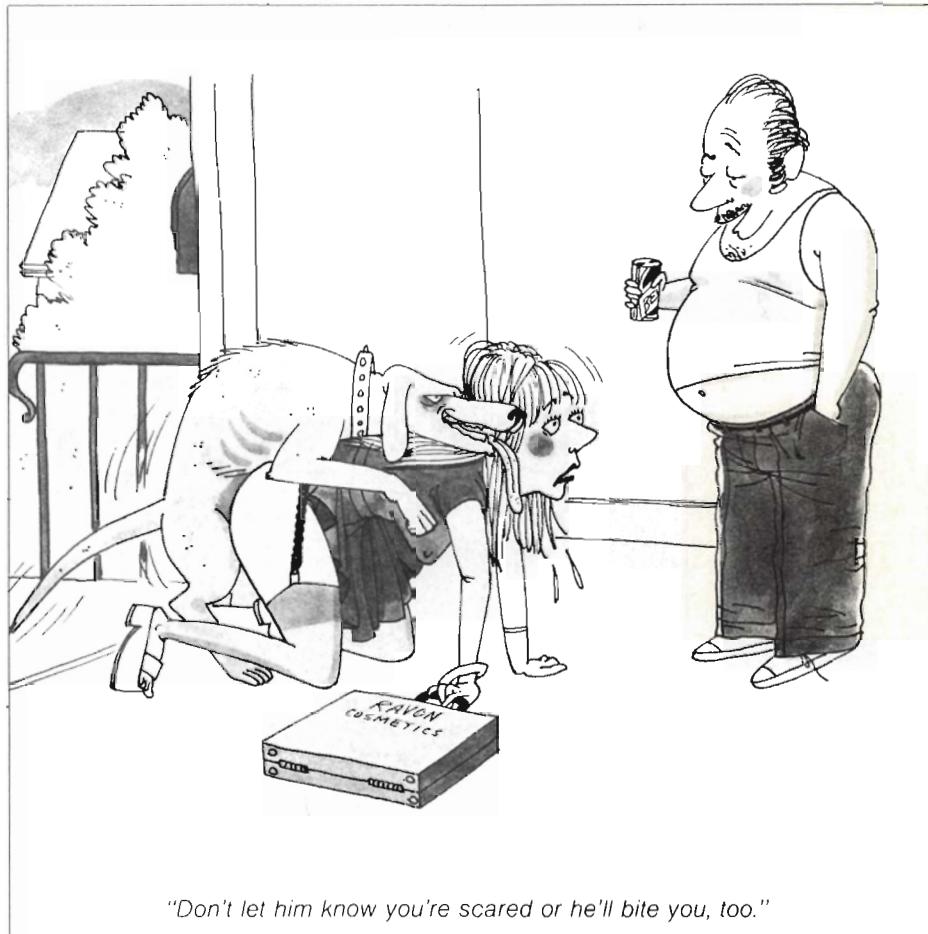
I read your mag every month. The women are very mouth-watering. They all look edible. I would like to know if any makeup or special things are done to make the cunts look so good.

Larry J. Gouthia
Beaumont, Texas

*Passion is the only special treatment that can make a cunt look as good as the ones you see in *HUSTLER*, and our models come already packed with hot sensuality.*

LIKING BREE'S ASSHOLE

The perpetrators of crimes against human freedom and dignity are legion and deserve public exposure. Yet, from this horde of candidates for condemnation, why is it necessary for Larry Flynt to continue to denigrate and defame—of all people—his fellow magazine publishers, as in the case of Sue Richards (Bree Anthony), "Asshole of the Month," (September 1976)? Al Goldstein of *Screw* and Hugh Hefner of *Playboy* have also come under fire from *HUSTLER* magazine, apparently for having had the temerity to "insult" Larry Flynt by offering rival



"Don't let him know you're scared or he'll bite you, too."

publications and points of view to the public.

Name Withheld by Request
Alexandria, Louisiana

I am not insulted that rivals exist, but that they are pawning off half-assed crap on readers. I've done more than complain about inadequate rivals. I've started my own rival to HUSTLER (CHIC) so that HUSTLER will have the competition it deserves.

—Larry Flynt

LARRY AND LIZ AFOOT

HUSTLER is still the best. I hope CHIC is as good.

In looks and in guts, Larry Flynt is the spitting image of my father. Are you sure he did not send you your September 1976 editorial on "Political Sex Scandals." He said the same thing word for word after the "rip-off."

So keep in there punching, Larry.

Michael O'Brien
Clarksburg, New Jersey

Thanks a lot for your *Penthouse* and *Playboy* garbage. The "Exclusive Liz Ray Nudes" are for sex-starved monks out of a long-forgotten monastery.

Blackman has no business taking photographs of Elizabeth Ray. He'd be better off taking photos of Annette Funicello for a Mickey Mouse Club review (but only of her knees). Blackman

just plain doesn't know how to aim a camera.

Come on! This has no place in a great magazine like HUSTLER. We are the hard-hat, beer-bellied, dirty-fingernail, backbone-of-America millhunks. We buy HUSTLER for cunt, so we deserve the best of cunt, and that's what we want. Not well-used, politically worn-out, pubic puff.

Fennie and P. J.
White Oak, Pennsylvania

We weren't overly impressed with the quality of the photos, but we considered the spread a news story and not our regular turn-on feature spread.

Liz Ray has FLAT FEET (look sharply in your September 1976 issue). And they're goddam BIG, too.

Are you quite sure you people over there at HUSTLER aren't with the CIA? I mean, that was supposed to be a congressional secret. Now everybody knows!

A Daniel Schorr to you, and a biscuit in your beer. You do good work.

Robert W. Drew
Green Valley, Arizona

GRECIAN FORMULA RESPONSE

When Harry Markham's balls descend from the vacuum between his ears, have him stop by Select's office and recheck. I have done a complete body search and cannot find the gray hair anywhere that he describes in his article on

Select in your September 1976 issue ("The Swingers' Magazines. Mail-Order Sex").

Were his pants too tight the day of the interview, or is he just unable to handle women?

Pat Ward

Manager, Select Magazine
Camden, New Jersey

Markham responds, "My impressions of the Managing Editor of Select were that she was as dull and gray and lifeless as the magazine she works for. She was a drab, uncooperative woman, whose personality was gray if not her hair."

NURSING A GRUDGE

I saw your September 1976 issue while at a friend's house. When I saw your "Intensive Care" article (September 1976) I was sickened—as I was with your whole magazine. As a professional nurse, I object strongly to my profession being so exploited. You must remember that all nurses are professional people, not like the tramps that have no pride posing for your filthy magazine.

I shall hope that you will print this and also print an apology to all the nurses of our country.

Mary Seidel, LPN
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I am writing in reference to your photo spread "Intensive Care" in your September 1976 issue. As a fourth-year nursing student, I could not help but take offense with your obviously distorted conception of nursing. Nursing involves caring for the physical, emotional and social needs of the patient and not the sexual needs.

I am sure I am not just speaking for myself by saying that "Intensive Care" was crude, unsophisticated and in incredibly poor taste.

Lynn Merklinger
Jamaica, New York

What is more physical, emotional or social than sex and the need for fulfillment? It relieves stiff muscles and aching joints and is no more tasteless than waking someone in the middle of the night to give them a sleeping pill.



"I've been good, but Jimmy's been jerking off."

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(AND MAYBE YOU'LL GET A LITTLE)



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Advise & Consent

Advise & Consent is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers regarding sexual questions, fetishes, hang-ups or problems of a personal nature. If you have something on your mind, write to us. Direct all letters to: HUSTLER Magazine, Advise & Consent Editor, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

Edited by Pat Ryan

A few months back, my boyfriend and I decided it would be fun to see how long we could screw without disengaging from each other. We worked out the plans for weeks. We figured out the positions of water, cigarettes, candy bars, raw oysters, music, Vaseline, a second clock (for timing the strokes) and the various positions we were to take at certain times. We also discussed topics of conversation that would be allowed. Finally the big night came. He arrived prepared with his basketball knee pads and high socks. I wore a smelly sweat shirt, hair rollers and put on a facial mud pack. And we both ate raw garlic.

He came twice, as quickly as possible, then the marathon began. Each stroke was 30 seconds in

duration. The first hour and a half went great. The water, candy, etc., helped considerably. Beginning the second hour, we sensed a feeling of not being able to go much longer, so we decided we should try and humiliate each other to the point of hatred, thinking this would take our minds off the task at hand.

This method worked great—except for one thing. We got into a violent argument, and he left in a rage. I haven't heard from him since. I really believe it is over between us. My only consolation is that we lasted four hours and 27 minutes. I certainly hope this is a record because it will be the only thing I have to remember him by. Please advise.

L. D.
New York, New York

Simons' Book of World Sexual Records Illustrated has nothing listed in this category, so you probably hold the title. After the raw garlic, it's no wonder he left when you opened your mouth.

I was wondering if you could provide me with some information on the baskets the Japanese use for their lovemaking. I understand that the

basket hangs from the ceiling with the girl inside, then is lowered onto the man and spun. Sounds like it would be a lot of fun!

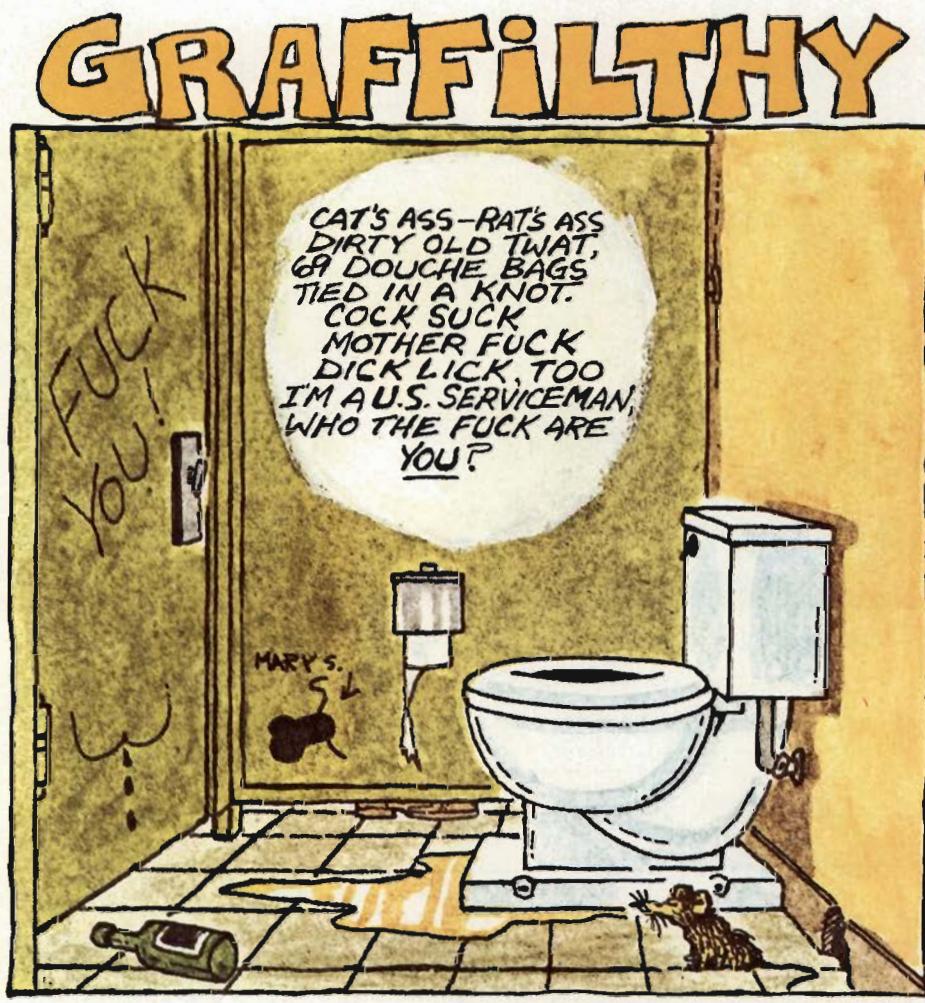
J. S.
Tampa, Florida

What you are referring to is called the Chinese basket trick. The basket has a false bottom of rubber with two round holes for the girl's legs and a smaller one for her cunt. The basket is first suspended from the ceiling by a pulley arrangement, with two dangling ropes that control the movement of the basket. The man lies on his back on a massage table, or any table that is sufficiently narrow to allow the woman's legs to rest comfortably on either side. The man works the ropes that control the basket, raising and lowering it and plucking the ropes that vibrate the basket. To spin the basket, the man loops the control ropes around pegs located behind his head. This holds the basket stationary. After the woman squats in the basket, the man turns the basket with his hands in one direction and then lets it go. Be sure your woman is well lubricated. Ideally, the woman should be sufficiently small and light so she can fit comfortably in the basket and no great effort is required to lift her. The main attraction of the basket is novelty, and getting it together is initially confusing, but once you've got it down pat you'll know that only the sky is the limit. We don't know of anyone who manufactures these specialty baskets, but you could probably buy a similarly shaped basket and then alter it. But proceed with caution.

After being happily married for 30 years, I had an accident that separated some of the nerves in my upper spinal column. Together with the loss of other functions, I also lost the ability to develop an erection. In other words, there is no communication between my upper cortical centers and my cock, nor is my cock responsive to touch. However, my basic plumbing is still all right since I do occasionally get an erection upon awakening with a distended bladder. My wife has been patient and understanding, but the strain on our marriage continues to mount. I am afraid of what is going to happen if I don't find help.

On reading Dr. David Reuben's book, *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*, I think I may have found the answer. He states: "Through the wonders of electronics and Japanese engineering it is now possible for virtually any man to engage in sexual intercourse regardless of impotence.... There is a small black box about the size of a transistor radio with two wires, each attached to an electrode. One electrode is fastened to the base of the penis; the other [specially designed] is inserted into the rectum. When the current is turned on, high-frequency impulses surge through the nerves controlling the sexual reflexes, producing an immediate, powerful erection."

At some cost, and with the aid of the phone company, I ran down Reuben's address. I have
(continued on page 120)



Some of the Best Is Behind Us

Have you missed any of our tantalizing teasers . . . sweet HUSTLER Honey's . . . outrageously erotic editorial views of the world? Well, it's not too late! We have a limited quantity of back issues available (including the Jackie O issue) for the man who is not satisfied to take it as it comes.

BACK ISSUES... We still have a limited supply of most back issues (April, May, June, July and November '75 are sold out)... SO ORDER NOW. Just fill out the coupon, or call in your credit card order. TODAY!

Call in your credit card order TODAY!

□ JUL '74	□ DEC '74	□ SEP '75	□ FEB '76	□ JUL '76
□ AUG '74	□ JAN '75	□ OCT '75	□ MAR '76	□ AUG '76
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□ NOV '74	□ APR '75	□ JAN '76	□ JUN '76	□ NOV '76

I have checked ____ issues @ \$2.25 each, totaling \$____
____ Aug. 75 issues (Jackie O nude photos) @ \$5 each
____ (B.O.H.) Best of HUSTLER '75 (#6101) @ \$2.75 each

Subtotal \$ _____
Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax _____
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City

Enclosed is my check money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my BA MC

(In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

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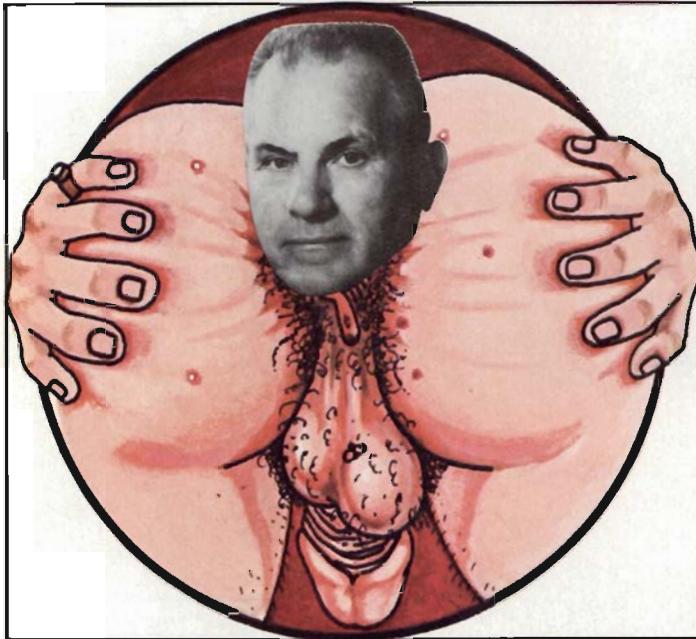
1276

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Signature

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packed and promptly delivered. (Add \$2 for foreign orders.)

Bits & Pieces



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Maj. Gen. C. W. Hospelhorn, the brass asshole who commands the Army-Air Force Exchange Service (AAFES), has earned a month-long ride in the HUSTLER poop chute for his snot-eating role in banning HUSTLER from all of the army and air force base exchanges.

His job is to see that—along

with razor blades and institutional toilet paper—the GIs' favorite magazines are conveniently available to them.

And Hospelhorn's ass-kissing civil service pansies omitted HUSTLER from a new list of magazines that are permitted for sale on base exchange newsstands, no doubt in fear of

Hospelhorn's poorly hidden low opinion of HUSTLER—transmitted through his gutless put-downs of the magazine and the fact that HUSTLER was apparently jerked from the stands before the list was completed. The two-star brown eye was then quick to approve the list, despite protests from soldiers and our requests to reconsider the smelly decision.

Hospelhorn's sphincter-tight mind might have been blown by HUSTLER's high-voltage eroticism. Probably, the only naked bodies he gets off on are the kind with their guts sprayed on the walls, so he expects all soldiers to share his perverted sense of erotic entertainment. We wouldn't be surprised if this puckered desk commando prefers to hump an olive-drab green sock while reviewing photos of the My Lai massacre. The logical extension of Hospelhorn's sexual frustration is that now this creep is dictating what type of reading material servicemen with balls can buy.

This asshole's blatant censorship of HUSTLER is typical

of mindless power junkies who can't accept our nose-thumbing irreverence and dissent. We don't doubt that this pencil-pushing office hero would expect standing salutes from paraplegic vets. Set up in a position of authority, he decides what is morally and politically OK for others to see, and he uses bureaucratic excuses to cover his stinking ass.

Hospelhorn's arbitrary exclusion of HUSTLER from base exchanges debunks the recruiter's bullshit about personal freedom in the all-new volunteer military. An asshole like Hospelhorn belongs in the latrine, where he can pull his pud instead of his rank—and then police up the jizz with his tongue, rather than policing the reading matter of the real men he is supposed to be serving.

Any reader and serviceman wishing to complain to C. W. Hospelhorn's superior about getting HUSTLER reinstated in BXs, contact: Lt. Gen. C. E. Buckingham, Comptroller, AF Headquarters, USAF, c/o Pentagon, Washington, DC 20330.

CHIC

CHIC is a truly beautiful magazine to look at, with some of the most exciting cunt that has ever opened up for the camera. And the magazine's erotic trademark is extreme close-ups of cunt that make you think you could sink your teeth into the page and pull away spitting pubic hair. This surprised us since we're sure we are better pussy eaters than CHIC's staff.

But then CHIC has culture. The first issue covers a lot of cultural ground, from Jamaican reggae superstar Bob Marley to the predicted economic depression of '79, from the monstrous Teamsters Union to

a snort of the new mind drug called "Green." CHIC is the arbiter of style for the '70s.

That's the problem—the '70s ain't got no style: It's the Decade of the Sheep. In times like this, you have to be a long-tongued, green-eyed, foaming-at-the-mouth wolf. Eat those sheep, rip their guts out and aggressively create culture. As we said, we suspect that the boys at CHIC aren't much for lapping at raw meat.

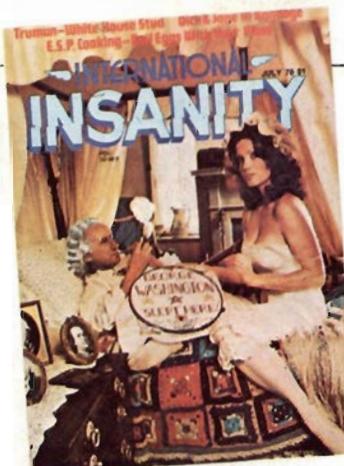
Here at HUSTLER—being the straightforward, horny bunch of deviants that we are—we think they should stick in their pricks and scream, "Suck, bitch!" And they should quit using the word *pshaw*.



NUTS ABOUT SATIRE

When we asked *International Insanity* publisher Phil Hirsch if any of his staff had ever been in the booby hatch, he told us, "To date, no one here has been committed, but then I haven't checked since two o'clock."

After reading through this new satire magazine, we had genuine cause to wonder about the mental health of its staff. Take for example an article about Patty Hearst Bubble Gum Cards, a tribute to



the Tomb of the Unknown Hooker and "ads" like this one for Loafers Nature Shoe (at

right). We thought Hirsch had discovered a way to get some work out of the people he keeps chained up and drooling in his attic. Either that or he threatened to feed his staff at McDougal's Hamburgers, the subject of another *I.I.* barb.

International Insanity, 540 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10022, (\$1) attacks all facets of the hypocritical society we live in, without the pomposity of *National Lampoon* or the tameness of *Mad*. It also provides employment for



the comically insane, whose only taboos are the ones they poke fun at.



THROWING A LITTLE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT

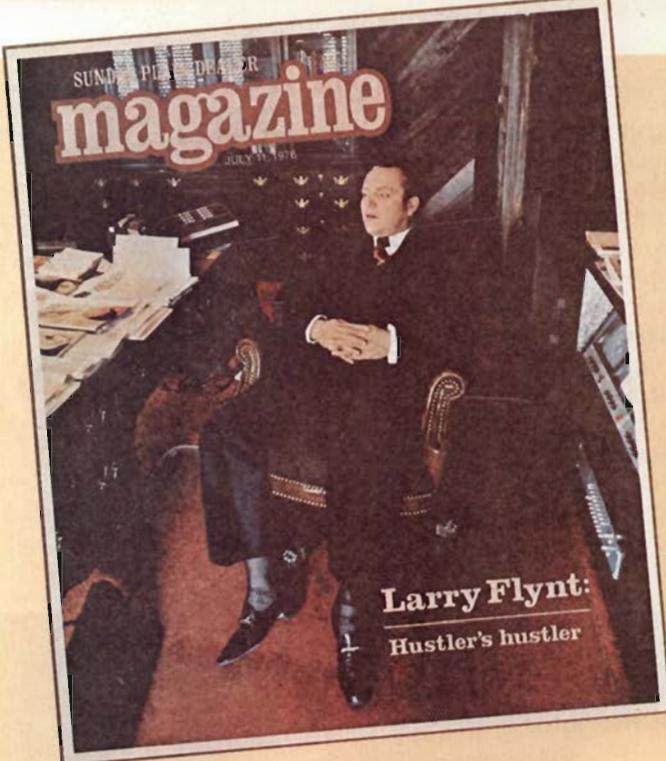
She took its massive head between her hands. She bent to kiss its tip. After giving it more attention, she managed to put it between her legs. She rode it until its length was complete,

its head became flushed, and it experienced the inevitable climax that left it limp.

It all started when photo artist Steve Baldwin became intrigued with the shape of a

globe from a lamp that once hung in a store. He constructed a satin-covered apparatus to make the object appear to grow and then had his model entice the phallic symbol into a

sexual act. Although the lamp cock got a little bent out of shape, this lissome model seems completely satisfied—an altogether fitting end for proper penis worship.



IS THIS PLAIN DEALING?

For years, so-called pornography has been the ugly sister of journalism, shunned by the mass media in general. And while the erotic entertainment industry is under constant government attack, the mass media straps on its blinders and practices its own version of censorship. This harassment has made the erotic publishing industry more acutely aware of erosion of freedoms guaranteed by the First Amendment than any other member of the mass media.

The press fails to see that the First Amendment freedoms they take for granted are being stripped away one by one by the Supreme Court and all the lower courts it influences. And it is the great newspapers of America that stand to suffer the greatest shock when they finally realize that the censorship they now fail to recognize will one day work against them.

A sad case in point: The *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, whose *Sunday Magazine* cover story about *HUSTLER* eventually led to government harassment in Cleveland. We're not placing blame. We welcomed the *Plain Dealer* reporter who wrote the story to our offices. He had two days of free access to people

and information here. He tailed Larry Flynt—listened to his telephone conversations (even challenging the authenticity of a call Larry received from Hugh Hefner) and watched him at work. When his story appeared, we made no complaint about its content. Nor did we feel any ill will when their inaccurate account of *HUSTLER* seemed to spark the Cleveland prosecutor's arbitrary indictments against our publishers, even though it resulted in the distributor fearfully opting not to distribute the issues that had been named in the indictments.

Our beef with the *Plain Dealer* concerns its editorial department's refusal to run an advertisement to Cleveland-area magazine retailers explaining that they could no longer get *HUSTLER* from the Cleveland distributor, the Klein News Company. Furthermore, the ad stated that retailers could buy *HUSTLER* directly from us, but the *Plain Dealer*'s refusal to give them this information added to the drive to keep *HUSTLER* from being sold in Cleveland.

The *Plain Dealer*'s action goes beyond its refusal to run the ad, and it exemplifies the most terrifying threat to the

continued existence of a free press: prior censorship. The general advertising manager for the *Plain Dealer*, Neil Van Deventer, said that—although the newspaper doesn't usually give reasons for refusing ads—it has a policy of turning down advertising from magazines such as *HUSTLER*, *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, *Playgirl* and others, simply because of the content of the magazines, not because of anything objectionable in the ads themselves.

But in this case, Neil Van Deventer said, the editorial department—apparently not satisfied with just a smear story—canned the ad. Now that the ad has appeared in the *Cleveland Press* and *Akron Beacon Journal*, Van Deventer asked us to resubmit it. Again, the "free press" side of the newspaper gave *HUSTLER* thumbs down.

Van Deventer also pointed out that he agreed there was nothing objectionable in the *HUSTLER* ad and was positive

it was turned down because of the magazine's content.

Thus, rather than being the vanguard in the fight against the erosion of our First Amendment rights, the *Plain Dealer* is contributing to a crusade that slowly chips away at our freedoms and at its very own 135 years of existence.

The *Plain Dealer* is not the only one guilty of censorship by intentional omission. It seems that newspapers everywhere are unwittingly undermining their own existences and pecking away at our right to publish and your right to read anything you choose.

The media in this country is the window through which we view the affairs of the world, but now that window is being systematically boarded up not only by the government but by the press itself. And as a small example, the *Plain Dealer* is allowing itself to become a major plank in a makeshift, dangerous shutter—and that is only the sorry beginning.

notice to magazine retailers

HUSTLER Magazine is no longer being distributed by the Geo. R. Klein News Company. However, you can buy *HUSTLER* direct from the publisher at a whopping 40% discount, if you are willing to accept the magazine in bundles of 50 on a non-returnable basis and pay C.O.D.

**Interested dealers are invited
to call or write:**

**Circulation Department
HUSTLER MAGAZINE
40 West Gay Street
Columbus, Ohio 43215**

(614) 464-2070



HARK! THE HERALD ELVES ARE SINGING

And there in a manger, under the North Star, he lay wrapped in red swaddling clothes. And by night the tiny elves left their toy shops to see him, and the

reindeer danced and sang about him. Three great kings—Macy, Gimbel and Woolworth—traveled from great distances bearing gifts, and

everywhere kids were happy.

A song filled the night air with the Christmas message: "Ho, ho, ho to all men, and to all a good night."

HUSTLER BEAVER ENJOYS LEISURE TIME

After a hard day putting up with the decision-making process here at the HUSTLER offices, our happy-go-lucky Beaver takes time out for a man's drink—or two or three.

Actually, this is just a put-on. Everybody knows our Beaver doesn't hold down an office job but toils throughout the day wearing his hard hat and brogues. Doesn't he? The staff has noticed that the signature on our checks is a little different than the one Larry normally uses, but we have yet to see a hard hat or lunch box stashed at any of the executive offices.



MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"So you can't pay your bill, heh, Mrs. Jones?"

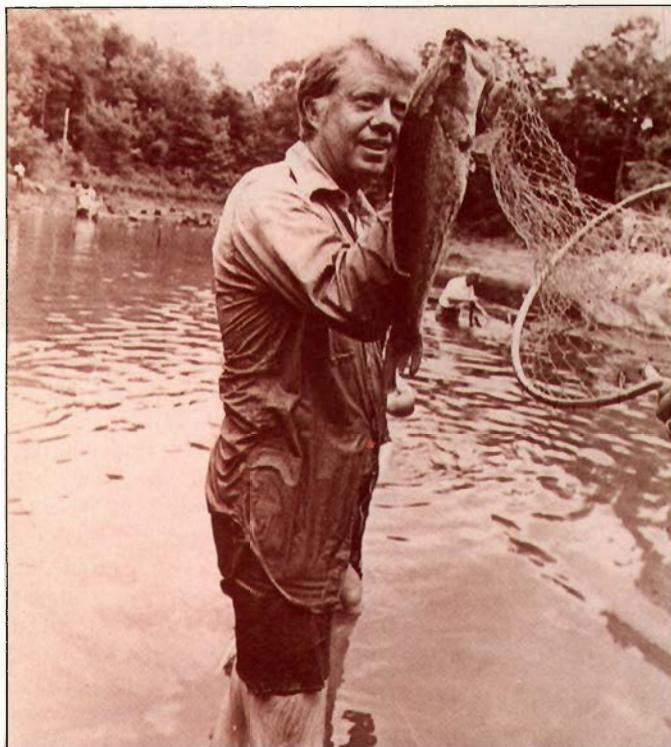
OFFING A BUNNY

Trends the world over are changing, especially in entertainment and fashions, so it's no surprise to find this young Jewish fellow whipping out his blade to scrape the *Playboy* Bunny logo off the opera window of his hot-pink hog. This means it's a sure thing that another modern standard is going right down the toilet. HUSTLER-style Beaver's in, and the Bunny's out. These days, the only place a Bunny

sticker could attract a fad-conscious stud is on the meno-pausal streets of St. Petersburg, Florida.

Since this dude obviously knows "Wha's Hapnin" it looks like we're all going to have to buy a pair of turd-fly-green slacks.





HOW BIG, JIMMY?

In the race for president, Jimmy Carter always appeared to be way out in front in the polling, with no other candidates measuring up. With that kind of confidence under his belt, Jimmy took time out on his Plains, Georgia, farm to demonstrate his new technique in angling. Dispensing with fancy gear, Carter prefers a more down-home style of casting his fly, by letting his bobbers and rod freely dangle

in the water. And it's no surprise that this large-mouth bass jumped at the bait. What fish could resist the taste of Jimmy's old-fashioned nuts?

With a hook-and-line man like Jimmy, it's comforting to know we have a prominent politician who's not afraid of exposing himself to the public. And judging by what he's sporting here, his teeth aren't his only physical asset. And that's no fish story.

THE EYES HAVE IT

How many times have you stood in a crowded bar or at a party and talked directly to a girl's tits? There she is, wearing a tight cotton T-shirt or a filmy gauze top, and these colossal mammarys are jiggling with every giggle, and the two pert brown nipples straining against the fabric are as obvious as nuns at a nude beach.

If this practice continues, the female body may adjust to the situation by actually developing eyes on the breasts. Just think, if her nipples look like eyes, her cunt might be the most sensuous pair of pouting lips you've ever come across.

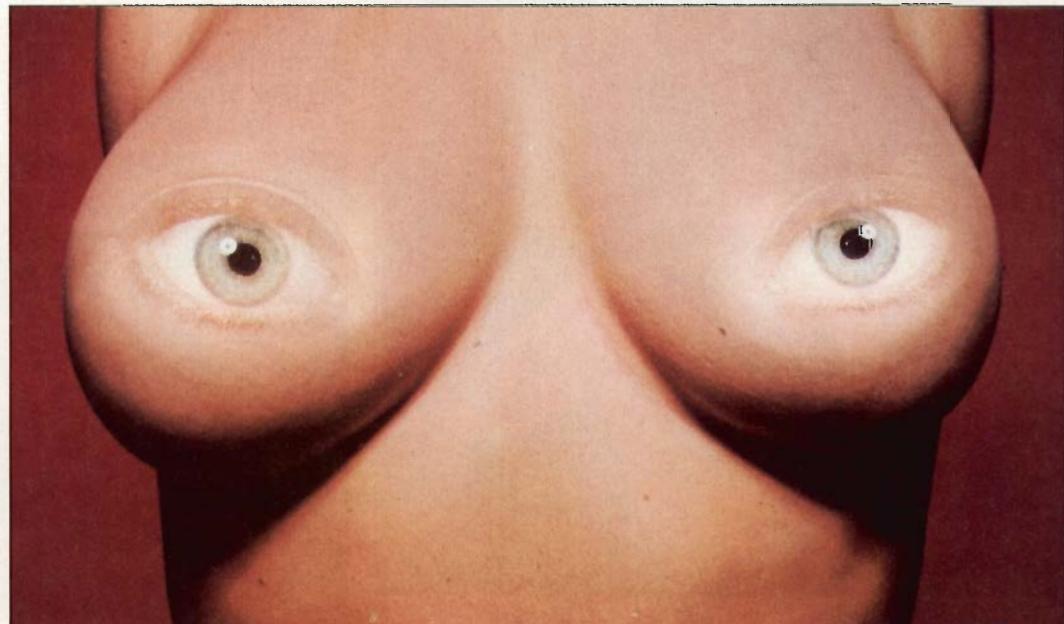


Photo by Alfred Gescheidt



COKE ADDS LIFE ETERNAL

We asked our mystery celebrity to tell us why he drinks Coke. Let's listen to what he has to say unto us...

"I'm an active man, and I need a man's refreshment. Coke hits the nail right on the

head! An icy-cold Coke makes my cross a little easier to bear. To all my special friends I say, 'Drink this, in remembrance of me.' Always gets a big smile."

Coca-Cola.... Ask someone who knows.

COCK-ATTOO

Folsom Prison inmate Alan Von Krueger shows how to draw on your resources to relieve the stinging loneliness of a stiff prison sentence. After five and a half years in the joint, you'd probably be on needles and pins for something to do, too.

Alan said we could forget about sending him the \$50 *Bits & Pieces* contributor's fee if we would publish his address so that female readers who appreciate his artistic medium could get in touch with him. And so here goes: P. O. Box



B-44066, Folsom Prison, Represa, California 95671.

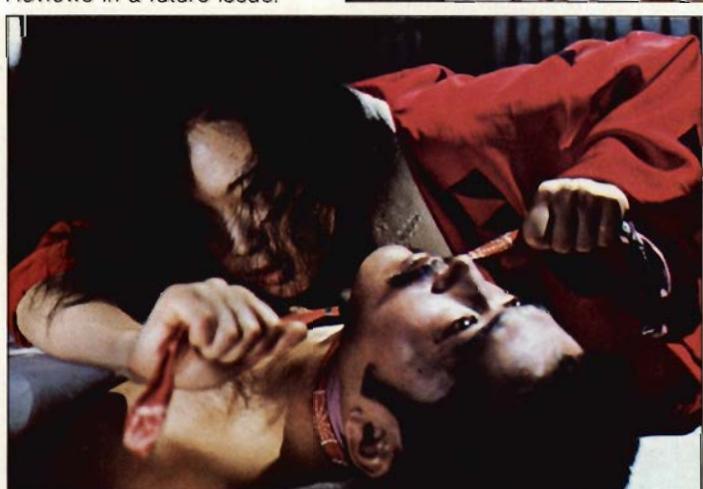
That done, we'll adjourn to the Round-Up bar with this 50 bucks we just came into.

THE SUN RISES ON PORN

If the critics at the Cannes Film Festival and the New York Film Festival are correct, then pornography has without question become art. In his first explicit hard-core film, *The Empire of the Senses*, Japanese filmmaker Nagisa Oshima has gone beyond presenting mere on-screen sex and has given us a statement on the interrelationship of love and death.

Oshima is respected in Japan for his social and political films in the same way Robert Altman and Francis Ford Coppola are respected in America. In *Senses*, Nagisa Oshima has taken the true story of a young geisha and her orgiastic, obsessive love affair and used it as the physical medium through which to convey his theme. At the end of the film, just as in the real-life episode, the girl is found wandering the streets clutching to her bosom the dismembered genitals of her dead lover, a fitting climax to an all-consuming abandonment to love.

Having rocked the two major film festivals of the year, not only for its merit but because of the hard-core approach taken by its reputable filmmaker, *Senses* has gone on to become the hottest flick on the market. You can look forward to seeing a full review of this high-powered, top-quality erotic work in *HUSTLER*'s X-Rated Reviews in a future issue.





HITCHIN' A RIDE

"OK, mister, this is one I gotta hear," could be this officer's reaction toward the plastic passenger here. Suzy, and love dolls like her, were being used on California's Santa Monica freeway by motorists trying to avoid travel in slower lanes on the highway.

As an energy-related experiment, California Department of Transportation officials allowed only passenger buses and cars with passengers to travel in the Diamond Lane. In this particular lane, the lower volume of traffic permitted faster movement.

But our friend here wasn't as clever as he thought. A minimum of two passengers,

SILVER BELLS AND COCKLESHHELLS

Usually, HUSTLER doesn't go in much for artsy-fartsy still-life studies. None of that pansy stuff for us. But we're only human, and sometimes we, too, fall prey to sentiment—as when our eyes well up with tears at the touching sight of an Associate Editor peddling his mother's ass on the sidewalk in front of the HUSTLER building.

One such moment of tender emotion occurred when we viewed this tableau of a flowery Garden of Eden, dripping with ripe fruit kissed by Mother Nature's own sweet lips and nestled about the sweet, dripping lips of Eve's cunt. It's soft, wet, pulpy, inviting, and the only thing missing is the snake lurking in the bush, tempting Eve to take one more bite of his banana.

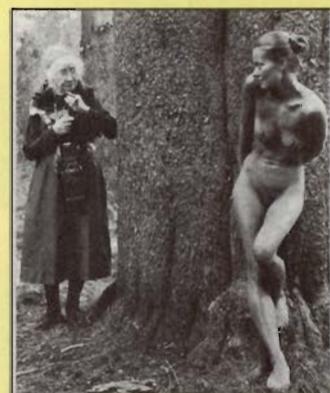
according to California officials, was necessary to qualify drivers for the fast lane, and although that was quite a pair sitting next to him, it just wasn't enough.

California officials declared the experiment a flop, but we feel it probably led to some meaningful relationships.

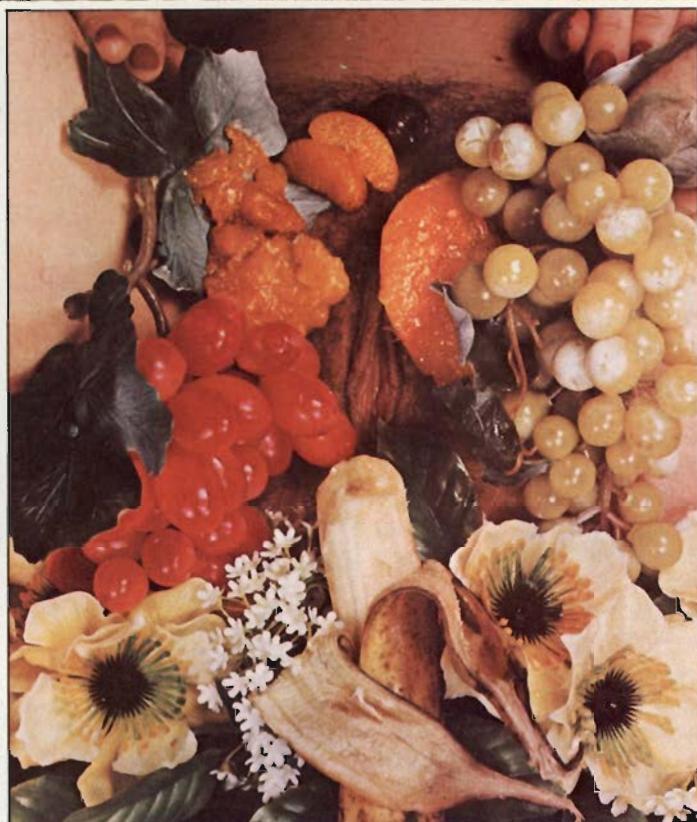
LIFE'S LITTLE SURPRISES

What we find remarkable about *Life* magazine's recent special report, "Remarkable American Women, 1776-1976," is that they slipped in this photograph showing uncovered cooze onto page 43. The editors at *Life* permitted this display of gratuitous cheesecake under the pretense of celebrating the "creative impulse" of 93-year-old photographer Imogen Cunningham. What's a nice family publication like *Life* doing pushing this prurient shit? Art, you say? If anybody knows turn-on material when they see it, we do.

This is history in the making: the first pubic hair to appear in *Life* magazine. Before you



know it, the *New York Times* will be publishing the word *damn*—maybe even *shit*. This gives you an idea of how far behind the times conservative publishing really is. But they'll never admit it. Well, that's *Life*.



A MATTER OF HEART

Have you ever seen anything as disgusting as this? Only Screw publisher Al Goldstein could stoop so low as to run this on the back cover of his magazine. Can you imagine the perverted mind of a man who would prey on the unfortunate medical problems of a former first lady.

Sure, we support Goldstein's right to publish whatever he wants, but that fact aside, we think Goldstein is a graceless asshole. Why, the cream-faced yahoo hasn't got an ounce of human feeling in his bloated body. Cashing in on the Nixon family's tragedy is the most deplorable thing that we have

ever seen from Goldstein. You won't find that kind of sick humor in HUSTLER. Besides, we're tit men.



If you have any interesting or unusual bits and pieces of information, pass them along to HUSTLER. We pay \$50 for pictures, news items, quips and stories that we publish in *Bits & Pieces*. HUSTLER buys all rights on material accepted for publication and will keep all material purchased. All submissions we don't use will be returned if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

For December *Bits & Pieces* contributions, HUSTLER contributes thanks and \$50 to Christopher Batin, Conrad M. Gilliam, Keith Green, Dan Kirk, Red Saunders, Edward Sonner and Alan Von Krueger. ☺

Sex Bits

VOL. 3 NO. 6

HUSTLER NEWS SERVICE

DECEMBER 1976

Compiled by
Richard Crownover

Sex Bits brings you news from around the world on startling discoveries and revelations, unusual gadgets and research and a peek at the freakiest and most bizarre happenings. Presented monthly, these little quips of information will give any Hustler a well-rounded knowledge of what's really going on in the world and why it's happening.

Glamor— Fat Chance

NEW YORK (HNS)—Well over 50 percent of all American women have something in common with Stella Reichman—they are overweight, too.

But that is probably as far as the comparison goes. Mrs. Reichman, a voluptuous 45-35-45, glories in her size 22½ frame because it is both her fame and her fortune.

Mrs. Reichman is a model for Lane Bryant, and she is described as being every bit as glamorous as Margaux Hemingway, Faberge's "million dollar baby."

Mrs. Reichman is writing a book to be entitled *The Joy of Being Large*, and she says it will advise women on how to be sexy and get as much out of life as she does.

Some of her hints to heavy women: Wear nothing tight, except a bikini; keep your hair natural, no extreme hairdos or teasing; dress simply; wear large rings and pins; and make the most of your cleavage.

The latter can be achieved, she said, by tucking a piece of fabric saturated with fragrance down between your breasts so it will reach men when they lean close.

Flatbackers Catch Flack

WASHINGTON (HNS)—

Having sex with 15 to 40 men a day is not exactly living the life of Riley, says Buffy Wilson, a former prostitute who attended the First World Meeting of Prostitutes held in Washington, D. C.

This is especially true when the clients are powerful political leaders and bureaucrats, suggests New York psychiatrist Barbara E. Bess and her psychologist husband Samuel S. Janus, who are authorities on the problems of prostitutes.

Bess was apparently referring to the idea that political leaders and government officials are more sexually demanding than the average man.

Most prostitutes claim to be happy, Bess said, but because of the constant harassment and prosecution their happiness is an illusion. She cited three reasons why prostitutes get out of the business: fear, violence and love.

The purpose of the convention was to lobby for

decriminalization of prostitution. It was pointed out that even though many hookers earn a great deal of money they usually live extravagantly and regularly have to pay off pimps, bondsmen, lawyers, physicians, landlords, doormen and sometimes the police.

Bess said it was especially difficult for the more successful prostitutes to leave the big money and excitement of the business for an ordinary office job that may pay only \$8000 a year.

Those who make the decision to get out of the business often become airline stewardesses, mistresses, political activists or write their memoirs, she added.

Boy-Girl Prison: Soft Cell

OSLO (HNS)—

Sweden and Denmark have taken the lead in an effort to limit homosexuality and violence in their prison systems by allowing male and female prisoners to have sexual access to each other and to visiting husbands and wives.

Prisons in Sweden have a "Cohabitation Room" where male and female prisoners may meet privately with spouses or friends for sexual relations. In one Swedish

prison, prisoners of both sexes have keys to their cells and may visit each other up to 10 P. M. each night.

In Denmark, male and female inmates live in adjoining cells and are allowed to visit each other for sex.

Advocates of the Scandinavian system point out that it prevents prisons from becoming homosexual hellholes, reduces other forms of violence, and generally contributes to a civilizing effect on all inmates.

Sex Reduces Stress, No Shit

WASHINGTON (HNS)—

If you are under a constant stress, you can help yourself avoid hypertension, ulcers and other physical and mental problems by increasing the frequency of your sexual activity, doctors at the Walter Reed Army Hospital in Washington, D.C., said.

Working with 18 officer candidates, the Walter Reed research team found that when men are under stress their sexual glands secrete a larger than normal amount of testosterone.

If the stressful situation continues for an extended period of time without the extra sex hormones being expended, the individual suffers adverse physical and mental reactions, according to the researchers.

The effects of chronic gonadal stress had been previously demonstrated in monkeys. The new study was the first documented evidence that men also may be harmed by stimulation that is not followed by sexual release.

Florida Bans Dungeons

MIAMI (HNS)—Anyone in Dade County, Florida, who sells a dungeon, a torture chamber, pillories or stocks, whipping posts or platforms, racks, impalers, thumbscrews or iron maidens is subject to arrest and a fine under an ordinance sponsored by Metro Commissioner James Redford.

Redford claimed he introduced the measure, which also covers discipline helmets, fettters, gags, chastity belts, spanker belts, punishment bras, paddles, cages and suspension harnesses, because he had received several complaints from South Dade residents who said such devices were too readily available in local shops.

Some of the commissioners said they could hardly wait to hold public hearings on the ordinance. ☺

by Michael Toohey

Panties! I hear the word and my adolescent years pass before my eyes like the pages of a new Frederick's of Hollywood catalog. I see myself crawling about the classroom floor in search of a tactfully dropped pencil or craning my neck to survey the grandstands from my position as bench warmer, all in the hopes of catching a glimpse of that elusive visual delight, the beaver shot.

More often than not, I was foiled by Levi's or crossed legs. But sometimes my diligence would be rewarded with a quick flash of pink or white crotch. For days afterward, that gentle bulge with its border of stray pubic hair would fuel my fantasies as I shot load upon load into the bathroom sink.

My first encounter with an actual honest-to-God pussy was through a pair of panties that belonged to a teasing 16-year-old virgin who spread her legs willingly as my hand probed her mysterious folds and felt them grow wet behind a thin nylon wall. My attempt to invade her further was thwarted by a sharp "No!" But she did appease me by giving me her panties.

I rushed home and masturbated myself into oblivion with the soggy souvenir stuffed under my nose, a ritual that I repeated many times until the sweet smell of virgin in heat left those panties after several weeks of fueling my fantasies. I suspect I inhaled it all.

My fetish for soft, feminine underthings (either on a woman or bearing traces of her) is every bit as powerful today. I am not embarrassed to admit this because I think it's an obsession I share with countless other males.

One of the most famous photographs of Marilyn Monroe is a publicity shot from the film *The Seven Year Itch* that shows her on a New York street with her wind-blown skirt riding high above her waist. This photo, which caused some static between hubby Joltin' Joe DiMaggio and MGM, has an



This series is prepared especially for HUSTLER, and it is designed to help you give your lover the rare excitement and satisfaction in sexual relations that make every experience an important one. It should help you and your lover reach greater heights than either of you had thought possible. These pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long a time. So, HUSTLER invites you, the reader, to travel with us through the exciting, erotic realm of human sexual pleasures.



LINGERIE LOVE: Sheer Delight

erotic appeal that eclipses even that of Marilyn's celebrated nude *Playboy* center-fold. In the film, Marilyn informs costar Tom Ewell that she keeps her undies in the refrigerator during hot weather. The very mention of Marilyn's dainty underthings makes Ewell sweat and stammer and no doubt throb in his own *Fruit of the Looms*. Such is the lure of lingerie.

What I'm getting at is this: The appeal of a woman in underwear is largely suggestive. It is not so much what is exposed that is

enticing but what is merely hinted at. If you've ever caught yourself staring lustfully at the impression a pair of bikini panties made underneath some honey's tight pants, you know what I'm talking about.

No one understands the suggestive quality of lingerie as well as the manufacturers. For example, Renee Manufacturing has begun decorating the pubic area of panties with such designs as: a frog diving into a pond, a worm tasting the forbidden fruit, a pussycat romping in the grass and a fish swimming in a tropical sea. Renee calls her creations Paintees. Now, one can't question the propriety of a little kitten, a frog or a worm. But a fish? Something like that is bound to give rise to some snide remarks after 12 hours of wear.

A jaded friend of mine once said, "When it comes right down to it, a cunt is a cunt. And except for minor details, when you've seen one you've seen 'em all." But exotic lingerie can give even a familiar cunt a mysterious new charm, much the same as a different hairstyle or wig can make fucking your wife of 20 years seem like a brand-new adventure.

Being a highly dedicated girl watcher, I welcomed the demise of the bra. This was one facet of women's lib that I heartily applauded. But while we horny males watched unrestrained nipples rise with every chill, underwear manufacturers watched their profits fall. Determined to win back the market, and riding on a wave of publicity that cited the braless look as a cause of sagging breasts, the manufacturers came up with a compromise: the natural bra.

Most bras previous to this, especially those for large-busted women, had been designed like miniature versions of the Golden Gate Bridge, the only difference being that the Golden Gate Bridge has more freedom of movement. The natural bra abandoned this restrictive construction

in favor of minimum support and maximum freedom and exposure. Unlike its bullet-proof predecessor, the '70s natural bra simulates the braless look by allowing breasts to sway within limits and nipples to freely register the cold. And as a bonus, most natural bras are see-through.

Rudi Gernreich first designed the natural-look bra in 1964, but he was seven years ahead of his time. The natural look faded from the scene like any other fad. Then, as if it were something brand new, Maidenform reintroduced the natural bra in 1971, quickly followed by Lily of France in 1972. Soon the other major manufacturers fell into line.

However, the company that first springs to mind whenever sexy lingerie is mentioned is Frederick's of Hollywood. Ever since 1947, when the company initiated its mail-order operation, the Frederick's catalog has put crotchless panties, belly-dancing outfits, g-strings and pasties within the reach of Bible Belt farm wives and ministers' spouses (not to mention their husbands). The catalog, with its delicate line drawings and bizarre inventory, is in itself a milestone in erotica. The main outlet for Frederick's is a passionate-purple building that juts above its Hollywood Boulevard neighbors like an inviting erection. In addition to the main store and mail-order business, Frederick's also operates a number of smaller lingerie boutiques in shopping malls across the country.

Janet Reger, a British distributor, also runs a mail-order business. Reger's catalog (the source of our pictures) has models posing in undies that get skimpier and more transparent as one turns the pages.

Scintilla, a company renowned for its high-quality satin sheets, also markets a line of satin lingerie. The unique feel of soft satin next to the skin was described by one woman as "something like skinny-dipping, cool and free and in my case, wet!" Scintilla's 40-page color catalog is available at no charge from their Chicago main office.

Sexy lingerie is purchased for a variety of reasons. Some women feel they look better flimsily clad than when nude, and lingerie provides just enough material to mask the stretch marks, wrinkles, etc., that make so many women self-conscious in our beauty-oriented society. But perhaps the most popular reason for buying sexy underwear is its fantasy appeal. Because lingerie is available in numerous styles, materials and colors, it can evoke a wide spectrum of fantasies. At either end of this spectrum are the whore and the little girl.

Some couples use lingerie to stimulate a prostitute/john fantasy, the women often attesting that, when attired in their dark, suggestive underwear, they not only look

the part but feel it as well. Ironically, an appropriate change of underwear can transform a woman from a brazen whore into an innocent little girl. Kathee, a petite, married lady of 35, regularly wears pastel panties adorned with Pooh bears and such, or her 11-year-old daughter's plain white cotton panties, because her husband enjoys a pedophilia fantasy: She sometimes augments her costume with knee socks, saddle shoes, ribbons and pigtails. Kathee is small-busted, almost completely flat, and when she affects a coy expression in her Lolita lingerie, she becomes a child molester's dream—a harmless, legal one.

Of course, there are many other types of underwear besides bras and panties:

An appropriate change of underwear can transform a woman from a brazen whore into an innocent little girl.



corsets, slips, garter belts and stockings, to name only a few. And although most young women today get by with as little underwear as possible, it wasn't always so.

Anyone who reached puberty during the early '60s, '50s or before can no doubt recall the time wasted in probing blindly for a passage through a heavy girdle, or in struggling to unfasten a half-dozen impossible bra clasps, all the while hoping your partner's enthusiasm did not wane under your fumbling fingers. Those were the days when undressing a woman was a real challenge—especially for the inexperienced. It's easier now, to be sure. Still, not all men prefer it that way.

There are a lot of men to whom the heavy, undergarment-upon-undergarment regalia

of the '50s is infinitely more provocative than the streamlined, revealing styles of today. Men who sported their first "boner" over cheesecake photos from the *Police Gazette* quite naturally have a nostalgic attraction to beauties in midriff bras and high-rise panties. Unfortunately, most of the women who wear such items today are the same ones who wore them a quarter of a century ago.

"I miss the old styles," commented Kevin, a friend of mine who once prided himself in his ability to undo garter belts with one hand. "It was a real thrill to run your hand up a chick's nylons and feel skin at the top. But pantyhose put an end to all that. When a chick wears pantyhose, she looks like a goddamn Barbie doll—no genitals, just this fucking net between her legs. Whoever invented those things must be a eunuch."

Many offbeat undergarments are inherent parts of the underground fetish scene. The dominant woman with her merry widow corset, spike heels and cat-o'-nine-tails is an old standard among male masochists. Some adults even consider diapers and rubber pants a turn-on and revel in reverting to a helpless, infantile state while wearing them. To a foot fetishist a pair of sweat socks may be the epitome of erotica. Likewise, it is indeed conceivable that such esoteric undies as dress shields have an admirer or two somewhere.

It takes a hard-core fetishist (although not necessarily a masochist) to purchase soiled panties through the mail. And although you may not consider juicy, hash-marked undies a marketable consumer item, the sex tabloids are riddled with ads hawking them for \$4 to \$7 a pair. They usually come complete with a "personal hot letter" describing how the wearer "creamed in them all day long just thinking of you."

Frauds are fairly common among these vendors, which is understandable since the time of wear required to adequately "treat" the product would result in an output of about one pair a day—maybe two in hot weather—hardly a profitable way to do business. In most cases, the personal letters are Xeroxed, and the soiled panties are mass-produced. How they are mass-produced is anybody's guess.

Thus far I have related how soft, feminine underthings can appeal to the senses of sight, touch and smell. Now, with the introduction of Candypants, the edible undies, they have become a taste treat as well. Available in three flavors—hot chocolate, banana split and wild cherry—the starch and glycerine undergarments have finally made the expression "Eat my shorts" a plausible request.

But as revolutionary as Candypants may (continued on page 114)

HUSTLER's reviews of porno films and sex books will fill you in and keep you up to date on the latest from the erotic film and publishing industries. Our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula.

However, as many porno films are censored to conform with "local community standards," the movies we review might not be exactly what you see. We suggest you check with your theater before going, to make sure that your money is buying the genuine article.

RATING GUIDE



ERCTION!

If this doesn't get it up, you're probably dead. Almost a constant turn-on.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up, but it can still be beat.



HALF-ERECT

Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Might get it up if you used a crane.



TOTALLY LIMP

Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

X RATED REVIEWS

as high as films made by any of the foregoing master directors, but the film is well done, and it shows flashes of talent that mark producer-director Jonas Middleton (*Illusions of a Lady*) as a porn filmmaker who takes his work seriously.

This seriousness is evident in the heavy accent on plot: a wealthy, beautiful woman's lapses into erotic and psychotic fantasies. There is an equally heavy emphasis on bizarre scenes and special effects, most of which, if not original, do hold the viewer's interest and are considerably better than you would expect in a sexually explicit film. And most importantly, the beautiful woman is played by Catherine Burgess, who is indeed a beautiful woman. Burgess is a model and acting student who can act—for a change.

As the movie opens, we follow Catherine (the heroine of

Looking Glass is also named Catherine) from the beauty parlor to an opulent estate that reflects the grandeur of a past century, setting the stage for the bizarre events to come. Later that evening, during dinner, Catherine excuses herself from her husband and guests and slithers up to an attic room where she lives her secret life in front of a mirror. "Catherine, you're delicious," she narcissistically croons into the glass while masturbating and conjuring up a green-armed, wild-eyed demon-lover (Jamie Gillis). He steps out of the mirror, and their coupling is accompanied by suitably eerie music and a phantasmagoric collage effect.

As the film progresses, so do Catherine's fantasies. Following a brief blow-job sequence between her chauffeur and maid (Al Levitsky and Terri Hall), Catherine again retires to

the attic. This time her mind brings forth a female lover, and they writhe sensuously on a brilliant silver rug. Her fantasy lover then leads her through the mirror and into a garden, where a rather unusual luncheon is taking place. A heavily costumed contingent of gourmets is drinking semen from goblets and eating bananas out of pussies. Catherine, who is dressed all in white, looks like a somnambulistic Alice in Wonderland.

This is the better of the film's two elaborate "dream" sequences. The other, set on a sandy hillock, is an out-and-out horror scene with various nightmarish types jerking off in their own faces and bathing in tubs of mud and piss. This scene is perhaps too ambitious. Its terminal horror does not quite come off.

If anything, the film suffers from a shortage of unembellished sex. However, there is a brilliantly horny flashback scene with Jamie Gillis as Catherine's father and the angel-faced Marie Taylor as Catherine in her adolescence. Using perverse smoothness, Gillis talks his daughter out of her clothes and onto her knees



Catherine Burgess's erotic/psychotic fantasies provide a lip-smacking meal in Through a Looking Glass.

Movies

by Frank Fortunato

THROUGH A LOOKING GLASS



Through a Looking Glass is a very ambitious hard-core film with some substance to go along with the pretense. It's a psychological suspense film that appears to have been influenced by Hitchcock, Polanski and Fellini. Certainly the quality of *Looking Glass* is not

in one of the most erotic hardcore scenes of this or any year. Whether or not you harbor incestuous fantasies, this scene is bound to kick over your libido.

Looking Glass is definitely an erotic film and expresses some dramatic values through skilled camera work, good production quality and a few well-rendered concepts. The film contains numerous psychological twists, some of which are obscure and confusing. Still, *Through a Looking Glass* is one of the better hardcore films to date, and it firmly establishes director Middleton in the front ranks of X-rated-film makers.

LITTLE ORPHAN SAMMY

I suppose it was inevitable: They've taken that sentimental cartoon classic "Little Orphan Annie," transsexualized her into a Sammy and given us a hard-core "spoof" film that sputters.

It's not that *Little Orphan Sammy* lacks energy. It is a constantly changing kaleidoscope of cuts and sexual couplings. The problem is that in an effort to be funny or—if you will pardon the expression—satirical, the producers have missed the mark and managed to be *silly* instead, redundantly silly. Their countless little jabs at humor are slightly disappointing at first, then they detract from the sexual scenes and finally are just plain boring.

Jennifer Welles plays "Hata Mari," a conniving woman of intrigue who adopts Sammy (Rocky Millstone) from an orphanage, but not before he services half of the joint's personnel. After he has soundly shagged his female doctor, Sammy comments, "It's the all-American way to stay in shape." This sets the tone for the rest of the film—a takeoff on what are supposedly the worst of American values, spe-



Jennifer Welles appreciates Jamie Gillis's talent in *Orphan Sammy*.

cifically jingoism, phony patriotism and the quest for the dollar. Unfortunately, the take-off is heavy-handed and never gets off the ground.

Nevertheless, the sex is virtually nonstop. There is that lady of the endless esophagus—C. J. Laing, the most enthusiastic, if not the best, fellatrice in porn. After devouring Johnny "Wadd" Holmes down to the gonads in *Sweet Punkin*, she is given some light duty in *Little Orphan Sammy* in the person of Al Levitsky. He plays a cable-pulling telephone worker who becomes the recipient of her oral ministrations. The result is a blow-job sequence that is one of the film's most interesting scenes. Laing also proves herself sexually ambidextrous in a very hot get-together with Jennifer Welles. However, Miss Welles prefers the attentions of Jamie Gillis, who has been woefully miscast as an inarticulate bodyguard-stud whose lines are limited to the word *Da*. It was practically the best line in the flick.

The cast—a *Who's Who in Porn*—keeps the fluids flying across the screen as Hata Mari, using Sammy as bait, tries to extract from Daddy Sawbucks his secret formula for converting garbage into oil. The cast, however, is unable to convert the garbage script into

something cohesively entertaining. The stumbling of the script only serve to detract from the erotic value of the film. Given the actors, effort and money poured into *Little Orphan Sammy*, it should have been a better movie.

SWEET CAKES



This is a dirty movie with a single motive: to titillate, which it accomplishes in a steady, no-nonsense manner. Hans Johnson, who also brought us *Honey Pie*, has directed four diversified and horny vignettes. For a little insurance, he then throws in Jennifer Welles in a finale scene with Ras Kean, the bronze-god type from *The Opening of Misty Beethoven*.

There's nothing to the story. Jennifer Welles is cast as a reporter from *Funny Girl* magazine, interviewing, or rather listening to, a big sex-symbol publisher recounting his exploits. Thankfully, the sketches, which are of decent quality, take up the vast majority of the film's 80 minutes, and the breezy dialog, sharp and witty, rarely gets in the way.

The film's most interesting vignette features a lesbian-



The sexy Young twins compare identical anatomies in *Sweet Cakes*.

identical-twin-sister act! And they're sensational—the most unique performers to hit porn since the Mitchell brothers introduced that autofellator in *Sodom and Gomorrah*. What's more, watching these ladies beats witnessing some geek suck himself off. The twins are listed in the movie's credits as Brooke and Taylor Young—two statuesque brunettes with wholesome faces and better-than-wholesome bodies. Their sequence includes the usual girl-girl combinations, but with these mirror-image women, the imagination runs rampant. If you can, visualize what it must be like to look down and see your own face eating your own pussy. This is just one of the manifold delights that the two Young sisters must enjoy.

Many contemporary porno filmmakers should take a hint from *Sweet Cakes*: Cut down on the pretense and pick up on the porn. This film earns HUSTLER's highest rating the hard way—without a large

budget or an elaborate story line but rather with solid, ball-churning sex.

EASY ALICE



Whether it's intentional or not, this film offers a form of low-budget realism. It's the type of San Francisco porn that has been occasionally produced there since the breakthrough of hard-core films in the late '60s. These films achieve a quasi-cinema verite style by allowing the actors to be themselves within a contrived situation. There are many reasons a director will allow his actors' personalities to dominate his movies. One reason is a deficiency of ideas on his part. Another may be the intelligent realization that, on a limited budget, this type of filmmaking is less pretentious and echos reality more convincingly than some half-baked stab at a slick production. In *Easy Alice*, I like

to think that the latter reason applies to Tom Hoffman, a former production assistant to Alex De Renzy.

Apparently, box-office considerations have determined the film's title because the story actually concerns Joey Saverino, a porno actor, and his relationship with his girlfriend, Carol (Easy Alice), and the people he works with on a porn film set. Carol is played by Linda Wong, HUSTLER's April 1976 cover girl, a busy lady who also appears in *Sweet Cakes* (also reviewed in this issue). She has a bookend role, balling Joey at the beginning and end of the film.

The story line is not very interesting or cohesive. Supposedly, Joey and Carol are confronting the problem of jealousy head on. She doesn't like his making love to other women on porn film sets. If they did resolve this conflict, it must have happened off-camera.

What is interesting are the personalities as they emerge from the dialog in several of the film's scenes. The most interesting scene takes place on a porn film set. Although the scene has obviously been contrived, we still get an idea of what it must be like to meet a strange lady and ball her for the first time in front of a camera. As you might imagine, it's a lot less glamorous than it appears to be on celluloid—almost like work.

A rape sequence in a laundromat is remarkably realistic in a low-key way. The victim's attitude is "hurry up and get it over with." The rapist bumbles around after it's over in a guilty attempt to brush off the assault as a liaison.

All things considered, it is a flawed film with average turn-on potential. I was told that the director ran out of money and had to be bailed out for the development costs. Even so, *Easy Alice* offers a reasonably realistic view of porno actors and hints that Tom Hoffman, given enough money and time, just might produce The Great American Fuck Film. 

On the Circuit

This column lists and rates erotic movies that were reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. These films may currently be showing in your neighborhood.

 (Erection)

3 A.M.
Cry for Cindy
Deep Throat
(Uncut version)

The Devil in Miss Jones
(Uncut version)

Diversions
The Divine Obsession
Expose Me, Lovely
Femmes de Sade
Midnight Desires

The Opening of
Misty Beethoven
Pussy Talk
When a Woman Calls

 (Three-Quarters Erect)

Candy's Candy
Fantasex
Farewell Scarlet
Honey Pie
Hot Summer in the City
The Joy of Letting Go
The Story of Joanna
Temptations
Virgin Snow

 (Half-Erect)

C. B. Mamas
China Lust
A Dirty Western
Dixie
Her Family Jewels
Hot Dog
Gums
The Milk Lady
Rollerbables
Summer of Laura

 (One-Quarter Erect)

The \$50,000 Climax
Ecstasy in Blue
Exhibition
Inside Marilyn Chambers
The Story of O
Sweet Punkin
A Touch of Sex

 (Totally Limp)

Deep Throat
(Censored Version)
The Devil in Miss Jones
(Censored version)
Patty
Snuff



Easy Alice: Annette Haven and Linda Wong get a feel for each other.

Books

Edited by Mark Baker

HEAVILY TATTOOED MEN AND WOMEN

By Spider Webb

Introduction by Marcia Tucker
McGraw-Hill Paperbacks
1221 Avenue of Americas
New York, New York 10020



The decision to get a tattoo, like the decision to become a eunuch, is a final one. Once that needle has made its indelible mark, nothing short of mutilation, amputation or even a covering tattoo can erase it. Because tattoos are permanent they tend to reflect the bearer's strongest feelings of love, hate, loyalty, patriotism or religious fervor. A tattoo can also be a nagging reminder of a drunken spree in Singapore, or a sexual lure designed to make the wearer stand out in any crowd. A butterfly on the ass is a favorite among females, who nowadays get tattoos simply for cosmetic reasons. And after Janis Joplin's death, women flocked to tattoo parlors to have red hearts engraved on their tits as a memorial to her.

A tattoo has become the ultimate form of self-expression in our society.

Spider Webb's *Heavily Tattooed Men and Women* is a collection of 100 black and white photos of some of the most fanatical human canvases who ever lived, people who refused to draw the line at a single heart encircling the words "Mom" or "Death Before Dishonor" but went all the way to become walking works of art. For some of these people, tattoos were ornaments to be collected like fine Dresden figurines. And still other people accumulated them in order to qualify as freak show attractions, an occupation that would net fortunes for some. It was also common for tattoo artists to display their best work on

themselves, or their wives, by becoming, in a sense, living billboards.

Most of the people depicted in the book are dead now, like the late "Great Omi," sometimes called "The Zebra Man," who with his head-to-toe striping was an impressive sight. Others sported detailed religious scenes complete with quotes from scripture, or tattoos in the shape of clothing. Unfortunately, photos of walking Sistine Chapels make up a



Tattooed Men and Women: a pictorial sideshow of devotion, decadence, but very few decorated flour sacks.

A FEAST OF SNAKES

By Harry Crews
Atheneum Press
122 East 42nd Street
New York, New York 10017



Welcome to the Annual Rattlesnake Roundup of Mystic, Georgia, and the story of Joe Lon Mackey's short life. Joe Lon runs his daddy's general store and his bootleg liquor business. "I spend half of my life listening to niggers talk and the other half of it totin' whiskey to them." But just a few years before, he had everything. Joe Lon was Boss Snake of the Mystic Rattlers, the high school football team—All-American running back, a natural at mashing heads and busting ribs. Because of his innate talent for violence he also had the privilege of fucking the sequins right off the head majorette, Berenice.

Now his life is over. "So here he was lying under the dead weight of what he'd done five years ago, when he was a boy."

large part of the book, which contains a few illustrated tits but is totally lacking in any decorated dorks and cunts—what you would probably rather see if you've got a grain of prurient interest in you. Considering the fact that the photos date from the mid-1800s to about 1950, it is understandable that cranks and flaps are in short supply in this collection. There are no captions, although the introduction by Marcia Tucker does give some



Joe Lon can't figure out what happened or why, and inside he's angry. Without football, there's not much outlet for Joe Lon's anger—except for occasionally beating his wife and drinking a lot of his daddy's bootleg bourbon.

But the Annual Rattlesnake Roundup brings all that emotion out into the open. Berenice comes home from college with her fancy boyfriend, and Joe Lon's lust for what he feels he should have had takes over. He screws Berenice in his trailer with his wife outside the window and his two babies squalling in the playpen: "He held her by her perfectly formed ears and guided his cock into her mouth, which she took willingly and deeply.... Finally he said, 'I want your ass'...he wasn't easy at all because he knew she was about to talk of love and he had her bowed almost double, plunging deeply into her ass.... 'Love,' said Joe Lon, 'is taking it out of you mouth and sticking in you ass.... But *true love*,' he said, 'goddamn *true love* is taking it out of you ass and sticking it in

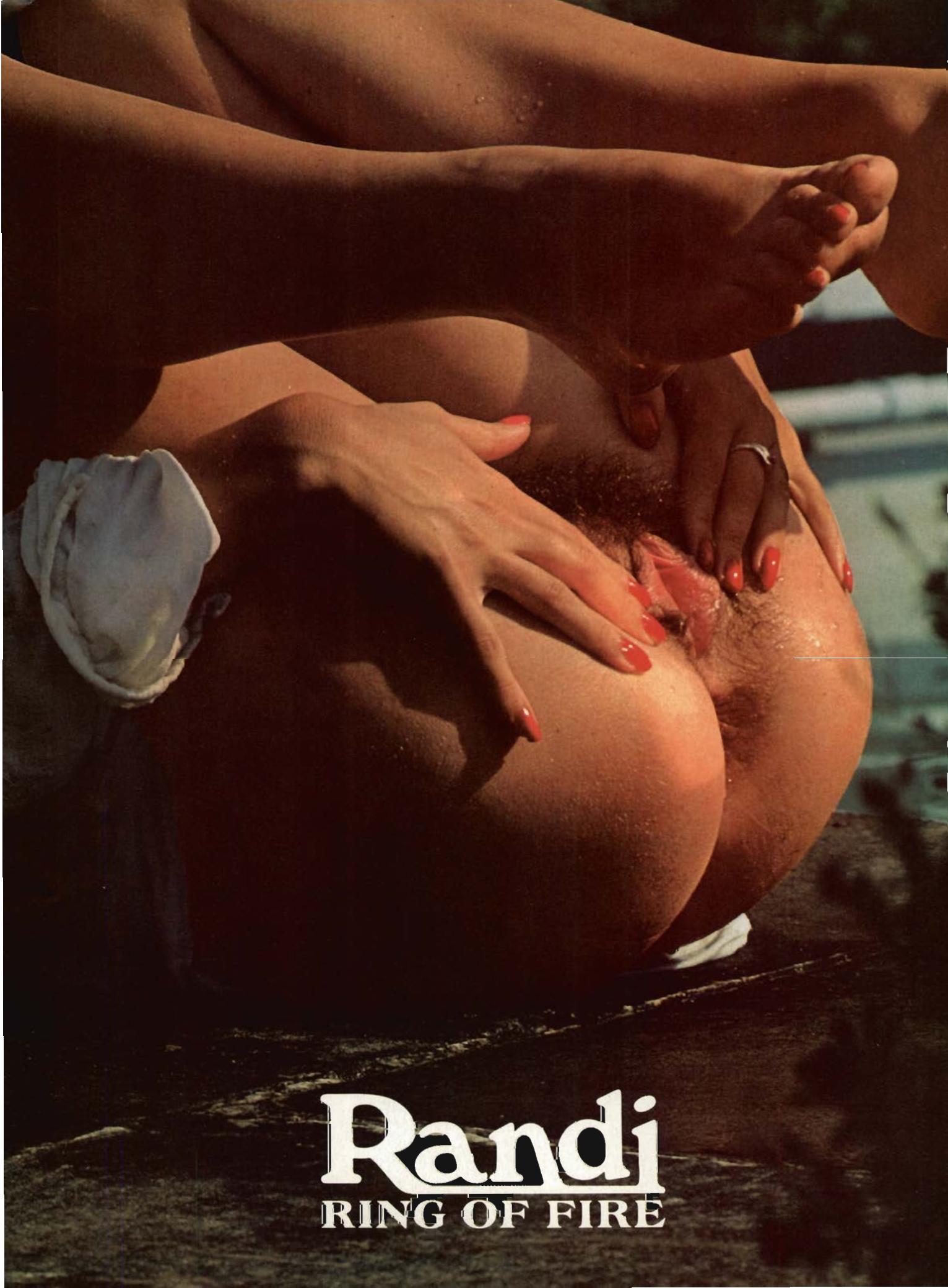
you mouth.'"

The renewal of desire just makes things worse, makes him hate himself for hurting his wife, makes him hate life for hurting him. His hate spreads to include all those fuckers out on the ten-acre campground who are getting ready to hunt rattlesnakes.

Joe Lon gets control of his life with a shotgun, returning to the thing he knows best—violence.

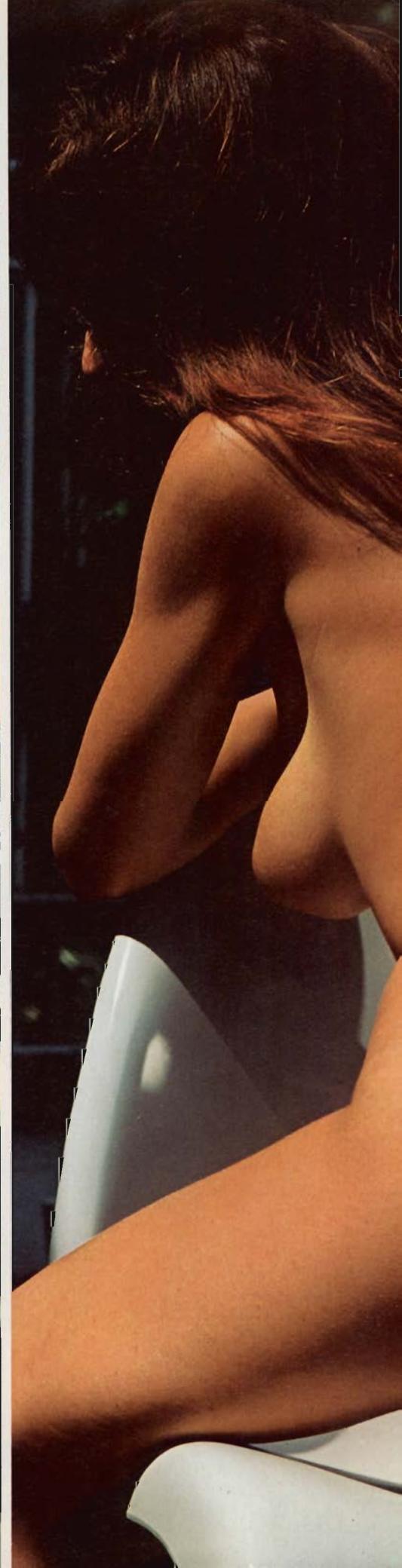
Harry Crews has written his novel with such intensity that this final, deadly orgasm is a release for the reader as well as Joe Lon Mackey, not from the bizarre events of the book and not from the pressures of the past, although those pressures are smothering. Joe Lon has been released from heavy-handed fate by his own hand. "Joe Lon jacked in another shell. He felt better than he had ever felt in his life. Christ, it was good to be in control again. He shot the nearest hunter." Strange as it seems, it feels good to see the man take control and beat fate to the draw.





Randi

RING OF FIRE







HTTP://FREEMAGS.CO



Randi is a girl who really stands out as a hot number, especially when she's hanging out by the pool, where she likes a daily plunge to keep from burning up altogether. She loves to take a man between her rich, full lips and surround him with hot sensuality.

"When I'm with a man, I like to wrap myself around him and lose myself in the glory of making love. I can't think of anything but my cunt until my orgasm fades away. Then I start thinking about my next orgasm."

You have to wonder if Randi's body is brown from the Phoenix sun or from the heat of her own passion. Either way, you know that you want to plant a wet, french kiss on her pouting red lips.

Whatever you do with Randi, beware of the flames shooting from her body. They'll consume you in a ball of fire.



GOLDEN
NUGGET
GAMBLING HALL

CASINO

DARDEN



LAS VEGAS IS FOR LOSERS

Article by Jim Michaels

Word has it that Las Vegas is a wide-open town, America's true fun city and the last frontier of action, easy women and easy money. Neon palaces, show girls, big name performers, classy whores, cocktail waitresses bulging with lust and tit and winners from the tables littering the bars with \$100 bills are all part of the image, an image built on propaganda pushed by the big money that owns Vegas. But the truth is, Las Vegas exists—all the flash exists—only to take your money. There's no room for big winners in the Vegas system. It's a city built for losers.

Vegas's reputation was pioneered by high rollers. Big-time gamblers such as Benny Binion, whose Horseshoe Casino brought the mighty and the slick to a small community plopped in the middle of the desert. Binion and his buddies were high-rolling gamblers themselves and gave the town the reputation of a high-rollers' paradise. "Come try to beat us" was their message, and this taunt has been carefully nurtured by the newer strip management and buttressed by sex and star appeal. Thrills, chills and entertainment...that's what Vegas offers the nine million customers who are lured there each year.

On close examination, however, this town is a rip-off at almost every level. On weekends, the hotel prices are bloated, the hookers are overpriced, and the flashy cocktail waitresses and show girls see nothing but dollar signs in the smiles of the tourists they serve and entertain. And most important, the casino games are scams: Scams that guarantee that the house never really loses.

Few people know that the casinos can choose whom they'll permit to play, and they seldom choose anyone who has proven he can beat the house.

Those who beat the house aren't welcome. If there's anyplace in the world that can be called "Suckersville," it's Vegas. But the gaming tables are only the most obvious of the multilevelled hoax that is Vegas.

Nothing's Ever Free

For example, take those "free" flights you once heard so much about; they aren't as available anymore. In the old, hungry days, when Vegas wanted to lure visitors to lose their money, almost anyone could sign on for a free ride and a free room. All that was necessary was that a person buy \$1000 worth of chips in advance. You don't get something for nothing, so the deal should have been an obvious tipoff as to how certain casinos were lifting the thousand and recouping trip costs, plus a handsome profit. Now that they're smug and quite prosperous, the casinos only occasionally offer these trips. In place of the "free" trip, major Strip hotels now offer "credit play" or "junkets"—free carfare, shows, meals and hotel rooms to select high rollers, who are usually granted up to \$5000 in credit. If you've got that kind of money to lose, you'll be treated handsomely.

For those who don't rate the credit, which includes most Vegas visitors, the town can be cold. On weekends, motels get \$30 a day for a single room, and many of the Strip hotels start at \$65. The fabled entertainment is a rip-off, too. You and a date can blow \$100 on an imitation "French revue"—a dull costume show—and you can spend even more to catch Frank Sinatra's act. Getting in to see Sinatra (or any of the other stars) means lining up two hours in advance, being jammed into a tiny space in a freezing room and being fed a cold slab of meat costing \$17.50, which is thrust at you and then whisked away a few minutes later.

Breakfast at a major hotel—in the coffee shop—can run five or six dollars. Dinners are scaled accordingly.

So is sex. Hooker prices range from the 15-minute quickie that will cost you around \$50 to a one-night stand, setting you back \$250 or so. On the average, the cost runs \$100. Most of these women are quite sensational-looking—perhaps the finest hooker collection in the world exists in Vegas. If you don't mind being put on bed, or the fact that few are talented at their trade, you may not feel ripped off. But far more likely, you will come away with the impression that you've just balled a blow-up, wind-up doll that makes all the right noises in the right places at the drop of a coin. Pamela M., a beautiful redhead hooker from Vegas, sums it up: "I try to be friendly. If these guys want a great sexual experience, they should go home to their wives or girlfriends or somebody who cares about them. I only pretend."

If paying for a hooker isn't your style, you might try picking up a woman in Vegas, but the odds against your success here are as great as the odds against your winning at the gaming tables.

Sharp-looking women sporting a lot of cleavage are everywhere. They are dealers, cocktail waitresses, shifts, cashiers, change girls, and they are all part of the hustle. Some smile, some flirt, but in general the customer is only a sucker to be milked for big tips. For example, a top cocktail waitress in a prime location can earn up to \$100,000 a year. However enticing she may be, she doesn't want—or need—to take you home. She probably keeps her job by putting out for one of her bosses.

"The truth is that most women here hate the tourists," said Jackie P., a tall, blonde pit assistant at The Dunes. "We're all being hit on constantly, nonstop, 24 hours a day. You get a lousy attitude from that. But you learn

to smile and jiggle your tits for the guests, so the tips keep coming in. Meanwhile, you've got to be figuring out which bosses to fuck to keep your job. And they don't want you to do anything but make pretty for the guests—for both business reasons and personal ones."

So you're suckered in bed and board, but the biggest rip-offs take place at the tables. The games are supposedly "honest," since the Nevada Gaming Board polices them to guarantee that you won't get loaded dice or decks dealt out by "mechanics" or roulette wheels with hidden controls. But the games are controlled in other ways to insure a heavy return to the house (see box below).

(continued on page 106)

HOW THE HOUSE KEEPS THE EDGE

Casinos make their money by paying off at less than true odds and the percentage they keep is the so-called edge they have over the winners. For example, if you play a game in which the chances are such that once out of 15 times you would probably win, then the odds in that game are 14 to 1. If you won on a \$1 bet, paid at true odds, you'd get \$15 (\$14 plus the \$1 you bet). However, at those odds the player would come out even, and the casino wouldn't make any money. So what they do is actually pay off at less than true odds. In the sample above they might actually pay 11 to 1 on a win, or \$11 plus the \$1 bet (\$12), which is \$3 less than true odds would have paid. Dividing the amount you are short of what true odds would pay (\$3) by the amount you would have gotten at correct odds (\$15) gives you the house percentage (in this case, 20 percent). See Scarne's *New Complete Guide to Gambling* for a more detailed explanation of the house percentage.

The house edge, or percentage, varies with the game played, but even the slot machines are programmed to take your stash. In many cases, a few slot machines near the entrance to some casinos are "loose" so that the house edge is no more than 5 percent of all the money pumped into them—a con to lure you with the promise of bigger payoffs inside, where the house take can increase to as much as 40 percent.

Poker is another fine example. Ostensibly you're only playing against the other players. But the house dealer is actually raking in anywhere from 5 percent to 25 percent out of each pot—usually the larger figure, because in poker the operator gets a fee and the house still has its percentage. Only extremely skilled players can beat this house cut.

Then there's keno, a game similar to

bingo. The player chooses the numbers he hopes will win, up to 15 numbers per card, and he marks the card himself. The card, or ticket, has numbers from 1 to 80, and an operator draws 20 numbered balls out of a bin. If you play only one number on a \$1 bet (playing the averages) and it wins, the casino will pay you \$3.20. If you bet \$1 on each of the 80 numbers in keno, you will have 20 winners and yet the casino will only pay you \$64—you have lost \$16. Their take is 20 percent.

In roulette, there are 36 numbers, plus 0 and 00, making 38; true odds would be 37 to 1, but casinos pay back at 35 to 1. Further, if the ball lands in either 0 or 00 and no player has bet on them, the house clears all bets made. If you play black or red long enough, the casino, playing the house edge, will inexorably gnaw 5.19 percent of everything you wager. And if you play a number looking for a big "hit"—something only one in 1000 players ever see—you lose your stash at a remarkably rapid rate. Try it.

At the craps table, the casino edge is supposedly a mere 1.41 percent. But that's only if you bet the pass or don't pass lines exclusively and shy away from the long-shot bets—few play that way. If you place a chip on "Any Craps," thinking the shooter is going to crap out, the odds become 11.1 percent against you.

At the blackjack table, the house edge is estimated as being as low as two-tenths of one percent or as high as 5.9 percent. But that's only if you make the correct percentage bet in each of hundreds of betting variables. Actually, according to one pit boss, blackjack brings in one-third to one-half of the house take.

In Vegas, your chances of beating the game (or breaking even) are as slight as winning a lottery against a million other ticket holders.

SUSAN

BITCH GODDESS

Susan is a British girl who's after satisfaction, taking it any way she can get it—including a quick lay on a hot London afternoon. She takes any lover who's handy and uses him up in her lust. If no lover's around, she finds gratification with the nearest suitable object.



A

Afterward, she sensuously washes away the erotic, cloying stickiness of her passion. Inserting the soap into herself, she luxuriates in its hard, smooth slipperiness and smiles about her insatiability.





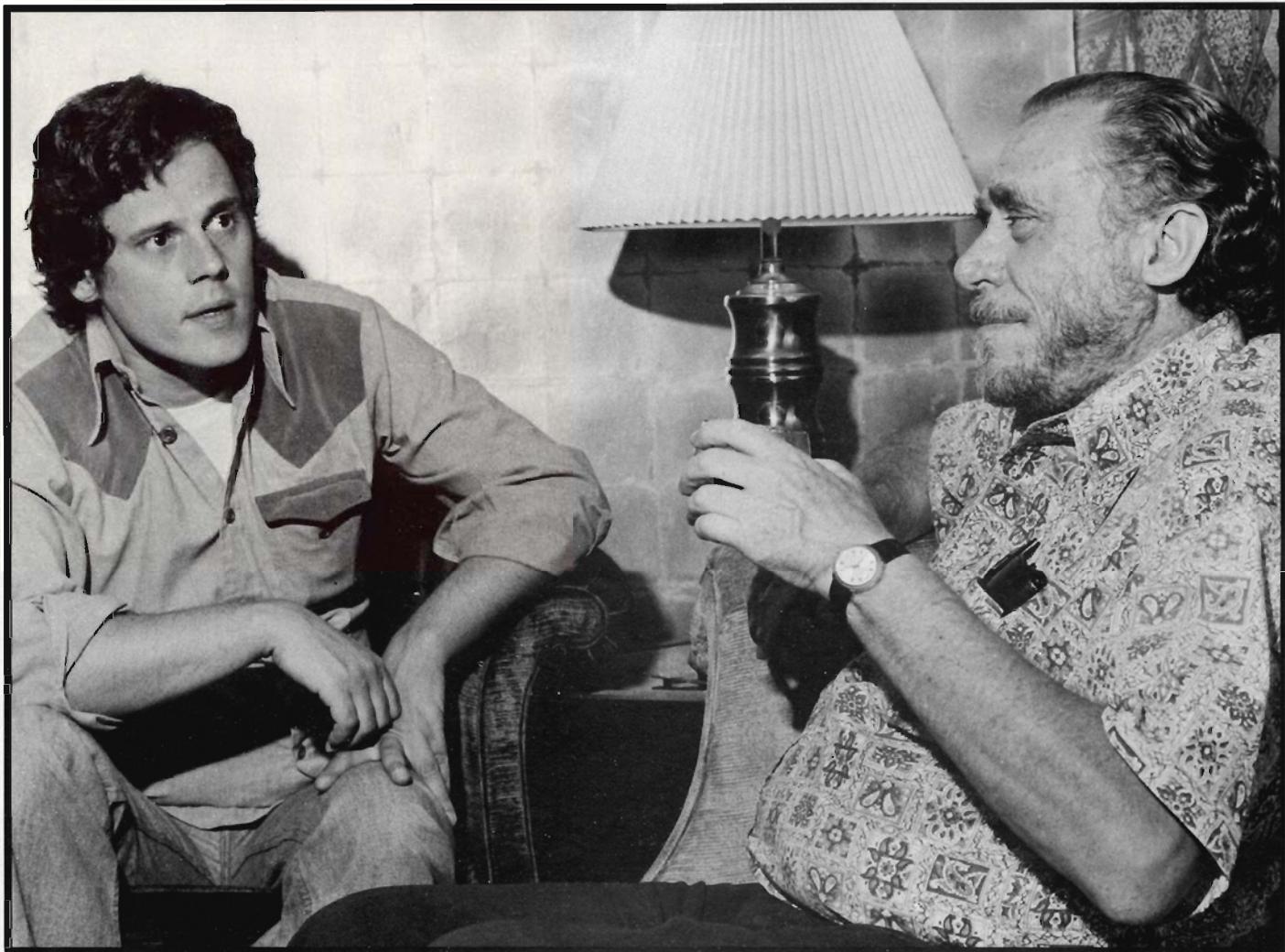


Then it's time to spread out on the satin sheets for a slow, relaxed love-making session that puts the fine finishing touches on the activities of her day. "After my lust is taken care of and I'm clean and fresh, I demand special attention from my man. If I can't get satisfaction, then I go crazy."

Ain't life a bitch?



INTERVIEW: CHARLES BUKOWSKI Dialog with a Dirty Old Man



HUSTLER Managing Editor David and boozing Bukowski discuss the turn-on qualities of panties and high-heeled shoes.

Charles Bukowski is an ugly 56-year-old man. He has written poetry and prose for most of his life but never received any recognition until six years ago. "I got lucky when I was 50," he says, "but it may shut down all at once. If it does, I've beat the game." Considering what he went through to get where he is today, he's probably right.

When Bukowski was two years old, his parents immigrated to this country from Andernacht, Germany. They ended up in Los Angeles. "I haven't been able to get away from L.A. since then. I've bummed around, but that's my town," he says. His

parents were poor, and L.A. is a tough town. His childhood was less than happy. "My father beat the hell out of me every day. I disliked my mother. I don't like uninteresting people," he told us. "I used to want to run away from home. But I would think, 'How can I find a job? I'm four feet tall, and I don't have a Social Security number.'"

At 16, he finally did get away and began wandering from job to job, flophouse to flophouse and bar to bar. "I've had probably 60, 70, 80 jobs. I used to work two or three days, that kind of thing... slaughterhouses, dog biscuit factories, unloading boxcars—

you name it, I've done it." Usually he worked just long enough to buy a bottle, or catch a bus going someplace else. It's this long, hard trip that fills his stories.

In 1959, his drinking almost killed him. Vomiting blood, he was admitted to the L.A. County Hospital for treatment and a drying out. It didn't stop him from drinking, but it did slow him down a little bit. Bukowski got a job at the post office and stayed there for the next 11 years, writing occasionally, with little success and less remuneration.

"I was going nuts sorting mail. This guy from Black Sparrow Press (Bukowski's

present publisher) came by and said, 'Listen, I'll give you \$100 a month whether you ever write anything or not; just get out of the post office.' So I quit my job, and there's the typewriter looking at me. Now I'm a writer. That's when it gets tough. You've got all that time, and it's not like an eight-hour job, so what do you do? You get drunk, you meet women, you fight with women, you get drunk. And then you write in between times. That's what I've been doing ever since."

Bukowski writes his life in stark black and white, with no frills. There's nothing for the reader to hide behind. His story, *The Fiend* (November 1976 issue of *HUSTLER*), is the brutally realistic account of the senseless rape of an eight-year-old child. The story was told so convincingly that many of our staff members were quite interested in meeting the man capable of creating such a striking horror. In the last year, Bukowski has suddenly begun to receive the popular attention he deserves.

HUSTLER flew Bukowski to Columbus, where he was interviewed—over a bottle of vodka and a pack of cigarettes—by Managing Editor Bruce David. He told us that he reacts with his gut, not his brain, and there is no doubt among those of us who met him that he does exactly that—most of the time. But we also got the impression that Bukowski likes to amuse himself by playing around with the people he meets now that he's suddenly famous. What could be more fun than putting on a bunch of *HUSTLER* staffers?

For the most part, we enjoyed what he had to say, but it's necessary that we let you know at the beginning that even we can't stomach his stand on fucking eight-year-olds. We're not sure that Bukowski can either. Like he told us, "You don't always speak the truth every time you talk."

HUSTLER: Some people say that stories like yours influence people to commit similar crimes. Do you think your story, *The Fiend*, will make someone commit rape?

BUKOWSKI: I think so, yeah.

HUSTLER: If that's the case, and we don't agree with you, can you justify writing it?

BUKOWSKI: No. I had to write the story. What happens in the wake of the story—there you go.

HUSTLER: Pedophilia is probably the strongest taboo in our society.

BUKOWSKI: What's that word?

HUSTLER: Pedophilia.

BUKOWSKI: That means?

HUSTLER: Sex with children.

BUKOWSKI: They're very nice, you know. They wear those little short skirts, and when

they put on their roller skates, you see their panties.

HUSTLER: *The Fiend* is a very shocking story, but apparently you wrote it as an erotic turn-on.

BUKOWSKI: I wrote it. I don't know why I wrote it, but people tell me that it arouses them when they read it. So there must be some truth in it beyond just myself and my feeling, or the character's feeling toward the child.

HUSTLER: Certain people were turned on by your story, others were repulsed by it, and some were just shocked into numbness. I don't think that the universal response is a turn-on.

BUKOWSKI: The response to my stuff is never 100 percent. When I give readings, it's 50 percent haters. But I pack the joint, and so I pay the rent.

HUSTLER: Is it the subject matter that's a turn-on, or just the craft you employ to write it?

BUKOWSKI: I think the turn-on is that I write very simply. There's no literary floss covering what I write. That makes it very bare, and the very bareness affects people. You can write a very literary thing, and it doesn't offend too much. But when you write very simply, it affects people. They say "God, he's really doing it." It just comes right at them head on.

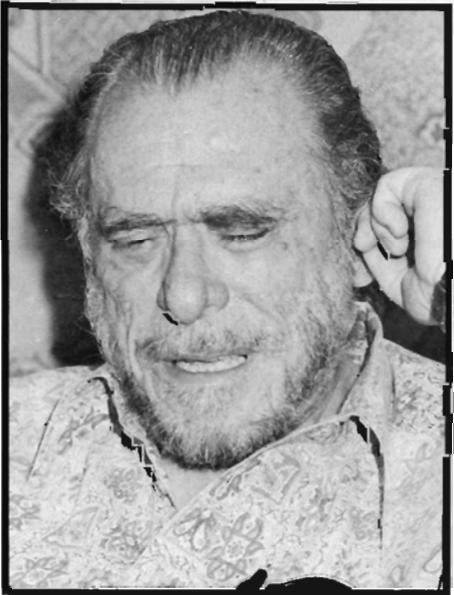
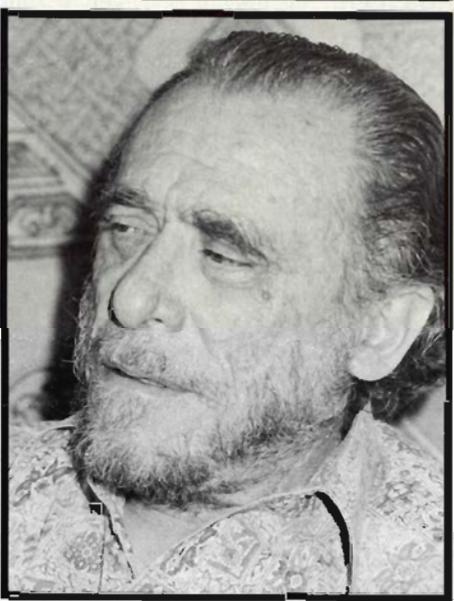
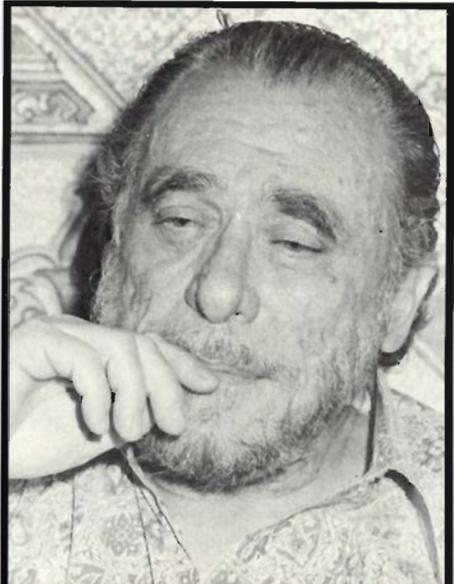
HUSTLER: The very strong impression is that your stories are largely autobiographical. Is that true?

BUKOWSKI: Yeah, I'd say most of my stuff is 93 percent true and 7 percent improved upon. Fiction is improvement on life to spice it up just a touch. So maybe a woman I'm writing about has a 34-inch waist, I might make it 32. Most of it's true, even when I'm writing about other people. When I write about rape and murder, I'm not trying to justify rape and murder. I'm trying to get inside the rapist's or the murderer's mind. It's fascinating to me that a murderer or a rapist likes a hot dog with relish. Maybe he'll even work a crossword puzzle. I mean, I'm not much different—you know, they wipe their behinds. These people, too, are pretty damned human.

HUSTLER: How autobiographical is *The Fiend*?

BUKOWSKI: Well, I was living in this upstairs apartment, and a little girl was downstairs crawling around in the grass. I saw her panties: They were pink and had little ruffles on them. I said, if I really let myself go and forget society's rules and the price of this thing, I would probably go ahead and do what the guy in my story did.

HUSTLER: Did you rape that little girl?



BUKOWSKI: I didn't do it, no. I felt like doing it. I'm a potential rapist, but I know that I can't get away with it. It doesn't pay off. If I raped the kid, where do I end up? I don't get any ass for 15 years, right?

HUSTLER: If it weren't for the law, is it fair to say that you would have raped that little girl?

BUKOWSKI: The only thing I would have against it would be if she didn't want it too much, if it destroyed her mind. It's the matter of consent. The terror put in a small child's mind by some big creature grabbing her and forcing something inside of her—that could destroy her forever.

HUSTLER: Do you think an eight-year-old can make a decision about sex?

BUKOWSKI: I think lots of eight-year-old girls are hornier than I am. If it just worked OK, I would have nothing against it—I mean outside of the law.

HUSTLER: But they're not even sexual creatures.

BUKOWSKI: I don't know when they become sexual. Some become sexual before others, you know. And they're all teases. If you've hung around eight-year-olds, yeah, they tease. They say, "Don't look at my behind," and things like that. Let me give you an illustration. You know I'm a window peep freak.

HUSTLER: Are you a peeping tom?

BUKOWSKI: No, not really. I was just trying to give you an edge there. The lawn in front of my apartment is very interesting. I got up to pour myself a beer, and there were two little girls standing there. One of them was the child that had been pestering me. She came to my door, and it was all hell for me to say, "No, you can't come in, my daughter isn't here anymore." [Bukowski's daughter was born in 1964.] But before she came to my door there was a scene outside on the steps across the way. The other little girl was saying to the one who was bothering me, "There's nothing wrong with having babies. When a man does things to you, it only makes babies." And the other one responded by pulling up her dress and slapping her ass with a newspaper. That's very endearing. I mean, she's almost lost to experience.

HUSTLER: Do you think that was instinctive or learned behavior?

BUKOWSKI: I can't answer that. I'm not inside of her body, so I can't tell you.

HUSTLER: Would you let an eight-year-old make a decision in terms of crossing the street or a crowded highway?

BUKOWSKI: I'd let her suck my dick if she wanted to, but I don't know about crossing the street. Crossing the street and getting fucked are two different things.

HUSTLER: You said that consent was

My favorite fantasy is to rape a woman in front of the post office with 12 guys watching.

what counts here, and consent means that the eight-year-old child is capable of making such a decision. If that child doesn't have the intellectual ability to figure out how to cross the road, would she have the facility to make a decision about fucking?

BUKOWSKI: Probably. If she's ready for sex, she knows more about sex than crossing the road; it comes to her earlier. Somehow, the younger you are the more you know.

Age has nothing to do with knowledge. When my daughter was five, before she went to school, I'd sit around with her and say, "What is death?" She would tell me. I could get the answer right now, and it was perfect. She'd sit and think and she would tell me everything like she had some knowledge beyond. Then she went to kindergarten, and she came to me and said, "Hey, you want to hear a riddle?" She lost her mind when she went to school.

HUSTLER: Do you mean that you could have a meaningful sexual relationship with a little kid?

BUKOWSKI: Hell, no. It's not possible to have a meaningful sexual relationship with a child. It's just a one-night stand.

HUSTLER: Why did you end your story *The Fiend* with the protagonist getting beaten up by the police?

BUKOWSKI: I guess I got a little bit moralistic, and I don't like cops too much. I wanted to get some sympathy for the rapist. You can't ever say why you write this, or why you write that. You just write it. If you know why you're writing something, you're not a good writer. You're something else—a psychologist, or a professor of English.

HUSTLER: What about the social taboos, the overwhelming public disapproval of such an act? You know that part of our justification for publishing your story is that information like this should be explored and recognized, though neither we nor society approve of this kind of behavior.

BUKOWSKI: They think because I write a story about a guy raping a little girl that I condone that act. I don't condone that act, unless it occurs under certain conditions. And the conditions in the story weren't OK. It's like I told you earlier, I'm interested in what goes on in the minds of people who do things a little bit differently than we do—they

eat Baby Ruth candy bars, they wipe their asses when they shit. I want to explore the minds of people who do things that I basically dislike. I want to know what's going on inside their heads while they're doing it, so maybe I will know more.

HUSTLER: You must think about rapists a lot. You can get into their heads so well.

BUKOWSKI: I don't think too much. The less you think, the more you know. One time, somebody asked me what's the secret to typing, and I told them, don't try. That's the secret to everything: Don't try.

HUSTLER: That could lead to a lot of days, weeks, months or years just sitting in front of a typewriter with nothing happening.

BUKOWSKI: I sit in front of a pussy, or in front of a racing form. I don't just sit in front of a typewriter.

HUSTLER: You fear fucking an eight-year-old girl because you'd go to jail, but you can write about it because that allows you to live out your fantasy and get off on it.

BUKOWSKI: To an extent, you're right. But to another extent I'm trying to get into the other man's mind, seeing what he's trying to think while he watches "I Love Lucy" in his spare time. You see, everybody is human, all too human. I have no apologies for my writing. I have no meaning. My writing has no meaning. It has no moral aspect, it has no social aspect.

HUSTLER: The cops beat the shit out of the guy in *The Fiend*. How can you say that there's no moral?

BUKOWSKI: Because cops beat the shit out of guys.

HUSTLER: Did the cops ever beat the shit out of you?

BUKOWSKI: They wanted to once, but they didn't have the guts.

HUSTLER: What stopped them?

BUKOWSKI: My insanity. I was in the drunk tank at Lincoln Heights, and there was a little guy laying up against the bars. He had a necktie on and was properly dressed. You could tell he had lots of money. He kept saying, "Oh, God, let me put in another dime. I want to call my mother." I said, "You little cocksucker, your mother will come and get you. Stop weeping against the jail bars, you little candyass shit." He kept saying, "Oh, I'm hurt. I'm hurt inside." I said, "We all hurt, motherfucker." For some reason, the guard took umbrage at my attack against this weak child of future wealth. So the guard came up and said, "Hey, man, do you know what we do to guys like you? Two or three of my buddies come in here, and we kick the living shit out of guys like you." I was much younger then, and better built. I started yelling, "Come in here, I beg you, come in here." I ripped my shirt all to shreds, ripped my undershirt to



"Mary, I think it's time you and I had a little talk."

shreds and kept yelling, "Come on in here. Bring five, bring ten, bring 50. The more the better!" They didn't want any part of me because they knew that I was completely insane. It got silent, and the guard just walked away. I bluffed them out of it.

HUSTLER: OK. But the character in *The Fiend* doesn't bluff the police. He gets beaten up and punished at the end of the story. Wouldn't a psychologist say that that was your way of dealing with your guilt feelings, your need to punish yourself for wanting to violate that child?

BUKOWSKI: Psychologists will destroy creativity. Never analyze. You just go ahead and do. Analysis is a killer.

HUSTLER: What makes you think that a story like *The Fiend* is art?

BUKOWSKI: Something about the way it's written. It's written cleanly, and it takes no sides.

HUSTLER: It takes no sides, but you say a lot of people have mentioned that it turns them on.

BUKOWSKI: It's not my fault that they get hard-ons.

HUSTLER: Did you jerk off after you wrote that story?

BUKOWSKI: I jerked off before I wrote it. I became that man at that time. That does not mean that I say he's right or wrong.

HUSTLER: You say you don't approve of this action, but, by your own admission, you became the rapist in your mind and mentally committed an act that you disapprove of.

BUKOWSKI: But it's not the same thing.

HUSTLER: Agreed. Jerking off is not rape.

BUKOWSKI: I wish I'd said that.

HUSTLER: Which do you think is better—masturbation or getting laid? The woman or the hand?

BUKOWSKI: It depends upon the lay. Generally it depends on how you use your imagination. I would have to say that, except for one or two women I've had, masturbation has been better than the woman.

HUSTLER: Are you saying fantasy is better than reality?

BUKOWSKI: Yeah, right. You have all the situations. You're raping her on an elevator, or something like that. One of my favorite scenes is: I rape a woman in front of the post office with 12 guys watching, who say, "Oh, this is horrible, but let's not call the cops." I guess I'm messed up, but I've always followed my mess-ups. I never tried to correct them. I'm not trying to be normal or OK, I want to be whatever I am.

HUSTLER: You have a story that you wrote especially for us called *The Big Dope Reading* about your sexual escapades at a reading you did in Florida, which will prob-

I've tried to fuck panties, but high-heeled shoes are better.

ably appear in the March issue. There's a scene in it in which your protagonist is fucking a shoe. Is that something that you actually did?

BUKOWSKI: Yeah. This schoolteacher really turned me on, and after she left, I was still horny. Hangovers make me very horny. My body's heated up and I want to do something, maybe to escape the hangover, or to prove I'm alive. She left and there was a shoe sitting there, and it looked so nice in the sunlight. It had a high heel, so I did it.

HUSTLER: Wasn't it uncomfortable?

BUKOWSKI: No. It slides in; you work it out. A shoe man knows how to do these things.

HUSTLER: Are you a shoe man?

BUKOWSKI: Oh, yeah, I love high heels. They drive me crazy. Especially when they're black with the long, spiked heels.

HUSTLER: Would you explain to me what the attraction for shoes is? It's something that eludes me.

BUKOWSKI: Well, I've never analyzed it. I guess, basically, you think of the woman walking around in those shoes. A high-heeled shoe does something extra for a woman's ass. It juts it up and makes it wobble.

HUSTLER: You didn't fuck her ass. You fucked her shoe.

BUKOWSKI: But you're thinking of her ass while you're doing it to the shoe, you see.

HUSTLER: Do you get turned on by looking at shoe ads? Shoe boxes?

BUKOWSKI: I get turned on looking at Frederick's ads when they have shoes in them—you know, little frilly things. I guess I'm a retarded sex fiend of some kind.

HUSTLER: Is there any other strange thing that you fuck that we might be interested in?

BUKOWSKI: Well, I've tried to fuck panties, but somehow I get halfway through and I say, "Aw, this is ridiculous," and throw them on the floor.

HUSTLER: Fucking panties is ridiculous, but fucking a shoe is not?

BUKOWSKI: No, the shoe has it over the panties. God, this interview's not going to make it.

HUSTLER: Between child rape and the shoe fucking, we're doing fine.

BUKOWSKI: Well, I did. I actually did. I fucked one shoe, and I threw it down right

before I reached climax. I don't think I was quite in love with that shoe. Then I went into the closet and found a pair of panties and worked out on that a while. I found another shoe with a higher heel than the shoe I'd discarded, and I worked out on that. Finally, I threw it on the floor and said, "I don't love you, bitch." I saved my sperm because I knew I'd need it. This all occurred in Tallahassee, Florida, and there's something about doing a reading down South. Southern hospitality actually exists. Every time you do a reading in Arkansas, Florida, or somewhere, you get laid. They just arrange it. You go north, they want your autograph. You go south, they want your cock. I prefer doing readings in the South.

HUSTLER: Does your writing attract a lot of literary groupies?

BUKOWSKI: Women knock at my door. In the early part of my life, I didn't have very much sex because I was working at cheap jobs or bumming around the country. I'm making up for it now at this end. The girls are getting younger and more beautiful and more intelligent. If they want to go to bed with me, if they want to stay two or three weeks, do the dishes and get drunk with me, I feel it's my just due—I've got it coming.

HUSTLER: You had a very repressed or inactive sexual life prior to your success as a writer?

BUKOWSKI: Yeah, I think I first got myself laid when I was 24-years-old—a 300-pound whore.

HUSTLER: What happened? How did you suddenly change from an inactive, or repressed person, to an imaginative, kinky person?

BUKOWSKI: Well, you know I'm not a pretty man. I have this *acne vulgaris*, and I thought women wouldn't accept a man who didn't look good. But I found out something about women: They are strong. If they know you care, they don't give a damn if you have three arms or no legs. They don't care if you look like a goldfish. I've changed my opinion of women. They are very strong and wonderful creatures.

HUSTLER: Is that why you write about them?

BUKOWSKI: Women are things that start the flame in your gut. They're something to drive you crazy. They take the drabness out of life. You wait for the phone, or she walks by, but she doesn't come to your door. Without women, what the hell would there be? Nothing. Women are the world's greatest invention—outside of me.

HUSTLER: Do you have a picture with you of Cupcakes, your present girlfriend?

BUKOWSKI: My Cupcakes, she's driving me crazy now. She's wonderful. She can

(continued on page 98)

SC. RICK









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Came upon
a Midnight
Clear

HUSTLE
MAGAZINE

Some people leave Santa a treat of milk and cookies, but others help Santa get his own cookies. This eager miss's thoughtful peck under the mistletoe brings its own reward in the form of an unconventional gift designed to fill her with the Yule spirit. After she tests the Christmas crank on Santa, both she and the jolly elf get a taste of their favorite holiday goodies. She shows Santa she's ready to bring off an explosive New Year, and in return, he gives her some firsthand instructions on how to play hide-the-weenie.

Then for a switch, Santa fulfills his painful obligation to girls who haven't been good *all* the time. She finds that Santa's bag has another surprise for her as he gives her a hearty decking with boughs of holly.

Frankly, Christmas visits leave everyone drained, but there's a lot of satisfaction in the spirit of giving.







HUSTLER
MAGAZINE

HUSTLER'S GIFT



FAKE ABORTION

It's belly laughs galore with this plastic abortion, a product of Gags to Gag On, Inc., Coathanger, Minnesota. Drop one on your mother-in-law's carpet and stand back to wait for the fainting and gasping that accompanies the hilarity. It also makes a great pizza topping. Available from Neiman-Markup, \$2.50.

THE GLAND HAND

Squeeze your squid in latex luxury with the Hand from Gland. This polyvinyl glove allows for maximum stroke without losing grip, and the thin tissue lining makes wiping those wild wad shots off the floor or door a breeze. Sanitary security and prevention of hairy palms are yours for 98 cents at the notions counters of all Sacks Fifth Avenue stores. Prelubricated with tuna liver oil (for that womanly scent)—\$1.29 a box.



THE TRAINING VIBRATOR

Drive home the lessons of self-abuse to your favorite teenybopper with this two-wheeled terror from Mate-Tell. The Training Vibrator comes with detachable wheels for when your Lolita has her drills down to a crack art. The vibrator is only \$9.95 at most Ford dealers. (Batteries not included.)



CHRISTMAS GUIDE

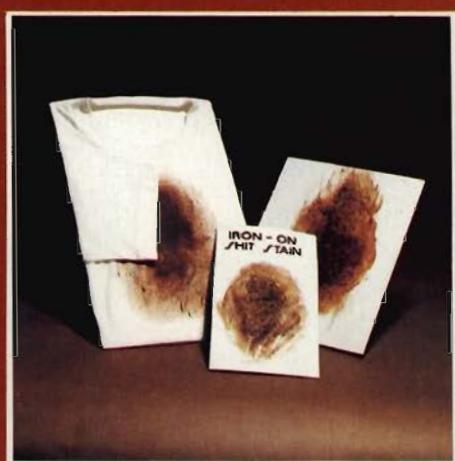
DELUXE CRAB ELIMINATION KIT

A necessity for travelers to Tijuana . . . this foolproof crotch-cricket killer fits handsomely in your overnight bag or medicine chest. Using an age-old, scientifically proven method, the kit gives you everything you need to control pests in your pubic garden—without the dangerous use of DDT. Available at most garden supply shops for \$17.99.



TALKING LOVE DOLL

For a real conversation piece, get a Chatter Box love doll from Pleasure Time, Akron, Ohio. Pull her string and hear her say, "I have a headache!" plus 11 more put-downs, including, "You crude bastard!" and "You don't respect me!" Adjusts to laugh hysterically the moment you drop your pants. \$129.38 (including vinyl discs).

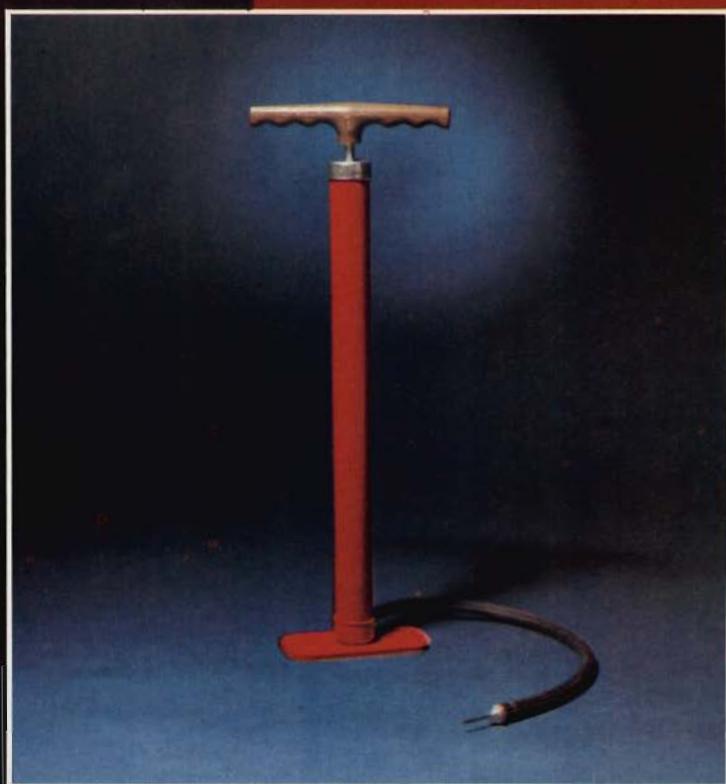


IRON-ON SHIT STAIN

If the same old shitty iron-on designs really have you down in the dumps, then you can unload on your fad-conscious friends with a transfer that will wipe them out. The Iron-on Shit Stain, Poopchute Products, Hershey, PA, clings to T-shirt tails, briefs and sofa cushions like flies on shit. \$2.50 a gross at most bowling alley boutiques. Available in Scratch 'n' Sniff for \$3.50 a gross.

COCK ENLARGER

Your ego-deflating diminutive dork can be pumped up to the size of a powerful, pulsating pile driver with this manually operated crank increaser. This versatile tool also serves as a blackhead remover. With leatherette carrying case, \$22.95 from Ace Tire and Wheel, Inc.







CANDY
SWEET INSPIRATION



When you've got a beautiful model who exudes sex in every photograph, and who, coincidentally, has the same name as a popular actress and a luscious candy confection, it's hard to refrain from writing "What a Clark Bar!" Or to refrain from asking our readers if they wouldn't like to peel off Candy Clark's sexy black wrapping and get down to a blonde-covered treat.

When she told us that her approach to sex involves "loving and giving all," well, that can only mean sweet surrender. It's one of the first things that popped into our mouths, er, heads. Candy

also said her love is given to one man only, which made us wonder what was so special about his sweet tooth.

Although she's interested in only one man, we thought of saying many men are after her soft, creamy center. Then we considered adding that those men would want to sample her sweet and sticky lips. We thought we might also point out that her steady guy should share his Candy.

But, as you can see, we decided to abandon the confectionery images in favor of a straightforward approach.

Alta
PAQUÉ
FINEST CLOTH
LONDON





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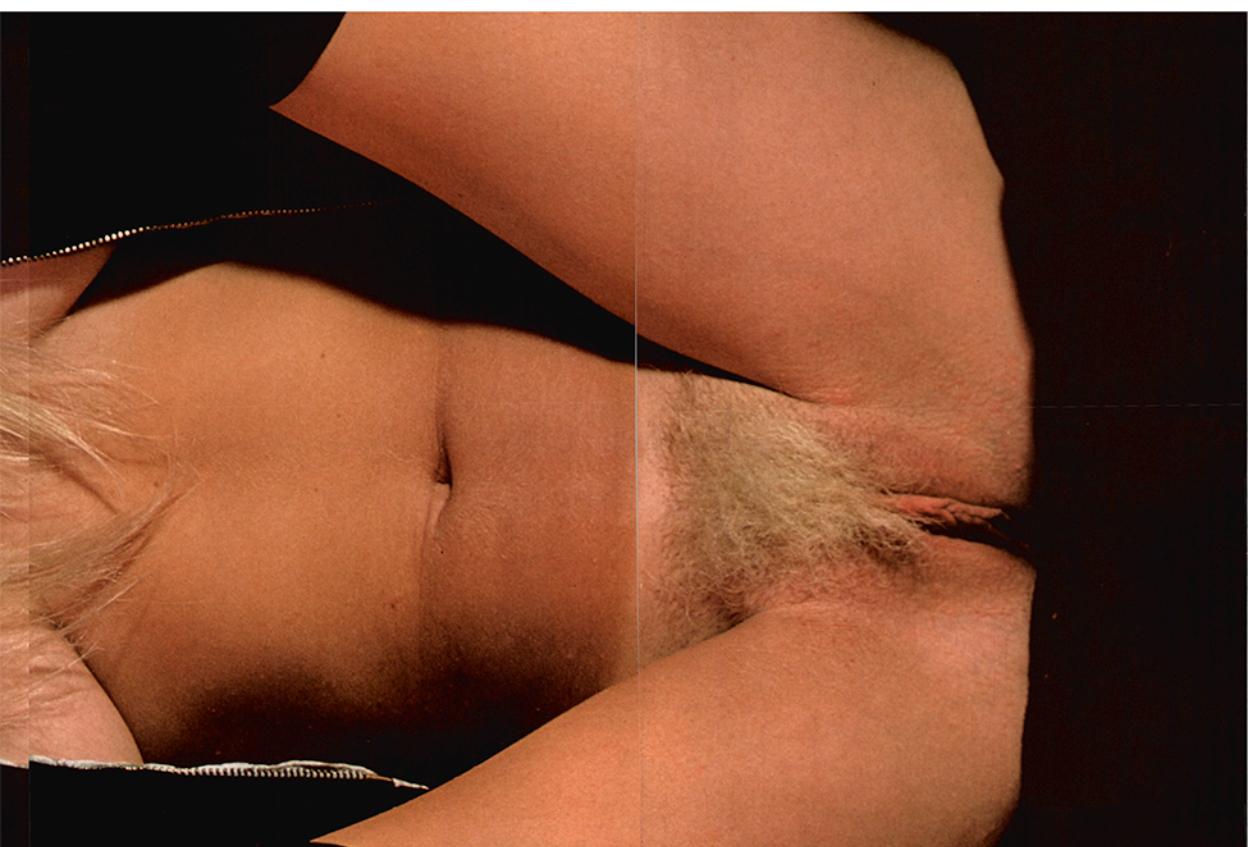


HUSTLER'S HONEY • DECEMBER 1976















HUSTLER HUMOR...

A salesman stopped for the night in a small town and checked into a hotel. After he got settled, he called the desk and requested a whore to be sent up to his room.

The owner of the hotel told his wife about the request, and she said, "Go up there and throw him out. We are not running that kind of place!"

"Look," the manager said, "I won't do that. He paid for the night, and besides, he's a big guy."

"Well, if you won't, I will!" retorted the wife. So she went up to the salesman's room. Soon, all you could hear were yells and screams and furniture being tossed around. Finally it quieted down.

Next morning, the salesman calmly walked up to the manager, tossed the keys on the desk, and said, "Thanks, man. That was some fightin' cunt you sent up last night, but I finally managed to throw her down and fuck her!"

An irate wife told her husband that if he continued to come home drunk and sick he was going to throw up his guts. One night, after his wife had cleaned a chicken and left the innards in the sink, the guy came home drunk and sick as usual. However, this time he spent an unusually long time in the kitchen. As he finally climbed into bed, he sheepishly admitted, "Mabel, you were right, but by the grace of God and your long-handled spoon, I finally got my guts back in."

A young man went to visit his girlfriend while her parents were away. Leering at her, he said, "I wanna eat some of that pussy."

"I'm on my period," his girl protested.

"That's OK. I'll just keep the blood in my mouth and spit it out in the bathroom downstairs."

A short time later the young man ran downstairs with his mouth full of menstrual blood and who should walk in but the girl's parents. "Well, hello there, young man," said her father. "What's that in your mouth?"

The young dude looked around and with a pained and embarrassed look on his face, swallowed hard and said, "It's tomato juice, sir."

Two men were walking in the park when they came upon this dog that had bent itself into a weird position and was licking its balls. One man said, "Gee! I wish I could do that."

The other man replied, "I think you better get to be friends first."

After attending a party for his boss, the life of the party was nursing a king-size hangover and asked his wife, "What the hell happened?"

"As usual, you made an ass of yourself in front of your boss," replied the wife.

"Piss on him," answered the husband.

"You did," said the wife, "and he fired you."

"Well, fuck him," said the husband.

"I did, and you go back to work in the morning."

Upon viewing a store's display of pubic hairpieces, the old man found one to his liking and informed the saleslady.

"Shall I gift wrap that for you, sir?"

"No, that's all right," the old man replied. "I'll eat it right here."

Buzz and Midge were married, and on their honeymoon they behaved like typical newlyweds and fucked at the drop of a hat.

However, as time went on, Midge began to feel that the honeymoon was indeed over. She started to make excuses to her husband in order to avoid his frequent sexual advances—much to her husband's dismay.

One afternoon Buzz decided to give Midge a present. "Oh," she said, "what a beautiful box, but what's the occasion?"

Buzz answered, "It's just something I think you need."

Midge opened the box and inside were six tiny kittens. Surprised, Midge queried, "Six kittens?"

"That's right," Buzz replied. "Six pallbearers for that dead pussy of yours."

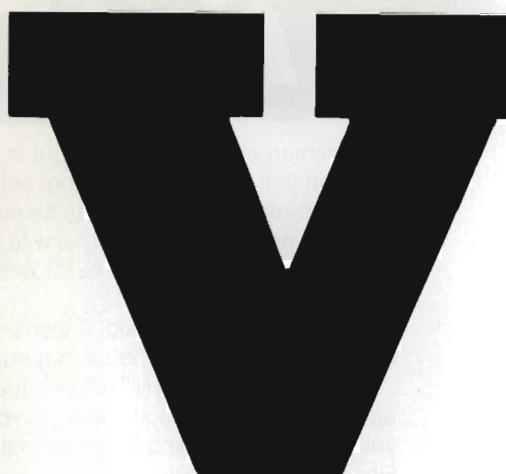
HUSTLER's Dictionary defines *Nothing* as: a three-foot turd with all the shit scraped off.

Upon answering the door to her whorehouse, the madam was surprised to see an amputee.

"Look at yourself," the madam said, "no arms, no legs, what could you possibly do?"

The amputee replied, "I rang the doorbell, didn't I?"

HUSTLER Humor Jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope to: **HUSTLER Humor**, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. If your joke is selected, we will send you a check for \$25.00. Sorry, no returns. ☺



By Mark Baker

Venereal disease is reaching epidemic proportions in America today for two very stupid reasons: ignorance and shame.

Most Americans insist on ignoring the fact that sex exists, and because our conservative society is embarrassed by the sex act, most of our kids won't know what's wrong with them if they get VD. And even if they are lucky enough to recognize it and seek treatment, chances are still good that they will be psychologically brutalized since Americans persistently believe that sex is dirty and venereal disease is socially disgusting. Publications like HUSTLER are suppressed, and our sexual practices are legislated by the self-appointed arbiters of American morals in order to keep sex locked in the closet.

Ignoring the fact that sex exists is one of the major factors in the continuing spread of venereal disease. Instead of liberating our sexual attitudes, we are moving backward. And supported by a conservative Supreme Court that seems intent on regulating the sexual conduct of the entire nation, federal prosecutors in Memphis, Tennessee, have convicted an actor for participation in an erotic film; Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley have been convicted on 13 counts of obscenity in Wichita, Kansas, for the contents of Screw magazine; and Larry Flynt and HUSTLER are under indictment in Cincinnati and Cleveland, Ohio, for the contents of this magazine. If we permit sex to be shuffled back into the guilty, dark corners of the subconscious, ignorance and shame will continue to flourish—and so will VD.

If the villains of American sexual politics can't understand this problem in terms of human suffering, maybe they will understand it in dollars and cents. The cost of complications caused by gonorrhea in fe-



Venereal warts in males (top) can cause gross disfigurement. Little or no pain is involved in the development of these permanent, french ticklers. In females (bottom), clusters of warts can become so extensive that they block the vagina entirely. In any case, if the growth has progressed this far, they must be surgically removed.

GUIDE TO 15

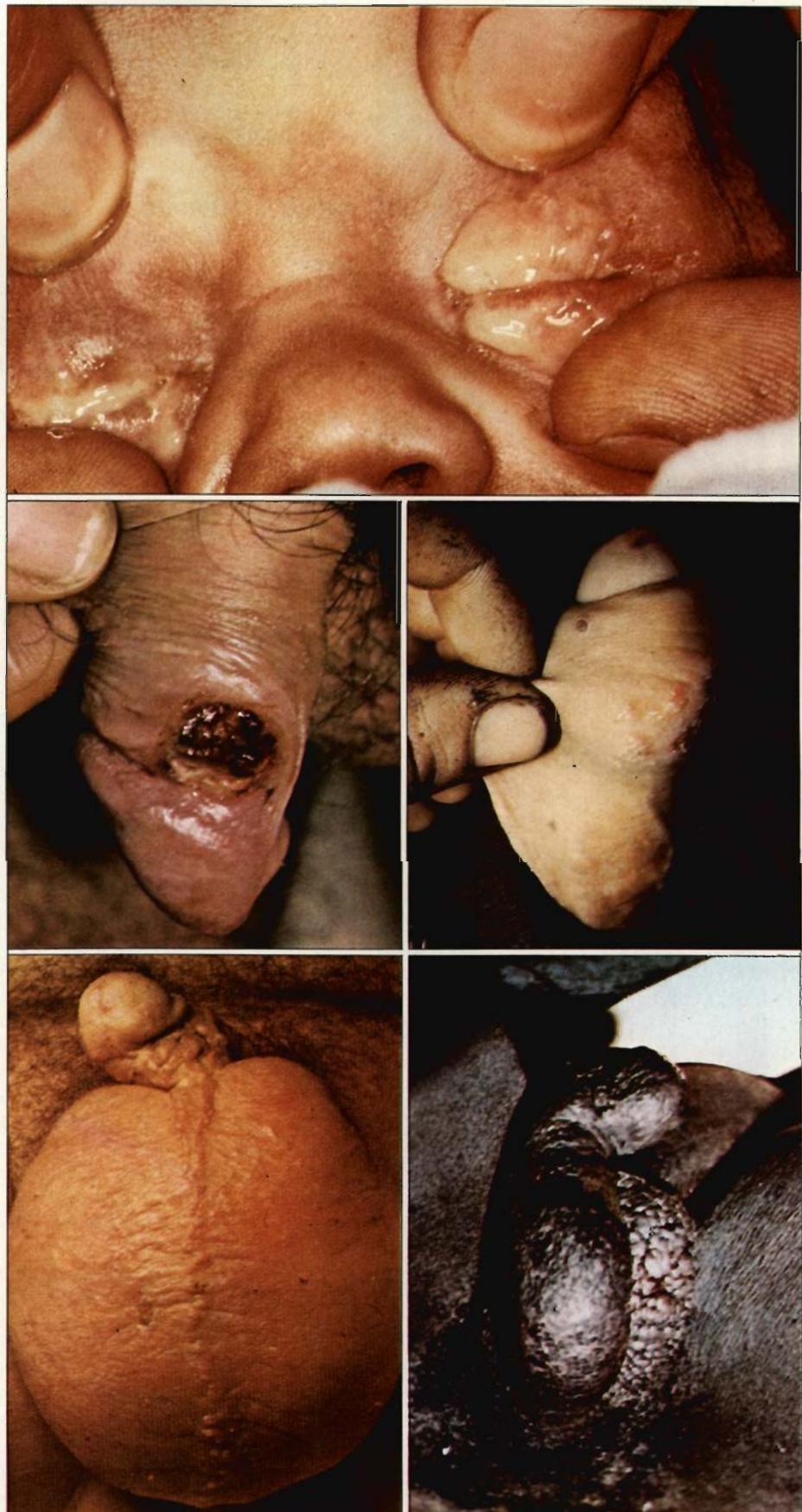
male patients alone is approximately \$212 million a year. In 1975, the cost of hospital maintenance of patients with syphilitic psychoses was \$58,214,000. In addition to the medical costs, there are the millions of dollars spent to make sex a crime and a few stray bacteria a horrible social stigma.

Since 1969, syphilis has been on a slow but steady increase even though an effective cure—penicillin—has been available since 1943. Close to three million people will be infected with gonorrhea this year. For the age group between 15 and 19 this means that one teenager will catch the "clap" every 15 seconds of every hour, every day of the year.

Gonorrhea is the most prevalent communicable disease in the country, with syphilis running third—and a new specter is raising its gory head of contagion: genital herpes infection. In the U.S., the occurrence of this recently recognized venereal disease has been estimated by some sources to be five times that of infectious syphilis. There is no cure. The lack of knowledge concerning herpes could lead to the infection of millions of people.

This is an indictment of us all: doctors who simply avoid the subject with their patients and are reluctant to test for VD unless they are asked to; legislators, lawmen and self-righteous crusaders who suppress sexual information that would help bring venereal disease out into the open where we could get a clear shot at it; educators who would rather young people suffer the horrors of VD than set aside their own "embarrassment" for a few hours of honest explanation and discussion; and all the rest of us who are not demanding—loud and long—that venereal disease be dealt with openly and summarily eliminated from our lives.

HUSTLER, in an attempt to meet its responsibility to its readers as well as the



Gonorrhea, the most prevalent infectious disease in America, has blinded the newborn child pictured at the top of this page. Syphilis (center, left), although still a formidable threat, is not so widespread as herpes (center, right) for which there is no cure. LGV (elephantiasis caused by LGV, bottom, left) and granuloma inguinale (bottom, right) have been almost eradicated.



Atypical complications of syphilis: an extensive chancre near the head of the penis (top); the most infectious sores of syphilis, condylomata, which can develop in moist areas in the secondary stage of the disease (center); the disintegrating face of a victim of late syphilis suffering from the destructive effects of gummata (bottom).

American public, is giving you the facts on venereal disease to accompany our efforts to liberate sexual attitudes. Something must be done, and the least we at HUSTLER can do is to get things started. This may be the most important article you'll ever read.

GENITAL HERPES

Herpes is the disease that everyone is hearing about, and that no one seems to understand. Even the doctors, who aren't too sure about all aspects of this infection, have no idea how to cure it. But here is what they do know—and what you *should* know.

In general, herpes is caused by a virus. Herpes simplex type I virus is usually limited to the body area above the waist and causes sores or fever blisters on the mouth and lips. Type II is the venereal version, although it can appear independent of sexual contact with an infected person.

In herpes, a cluster of blisters appears on the head or shaft of the penis in the male and on the lips of the vagina or the cervix of the female. These blisters soon break open and form soft, quite painful sores covered by a yellow-gray secretion. On the cervix, these sores are painless and often go unnoticed, but on the vaginal lips they are painful and may spread to cover the entire surface. These sores are very susceptible to further infection by bacteria, which can lead to the discharge of pus and blood.

In four or five days, the pain lessens, and within 10 to 20 days the sores usually are completely healed. For one-third of those infected that's the whole shot—it's over, even though the virus remains in the body. The other two-thirds will suffer recurrence of the sores at irregular, unpredictable intervals, often for the rest of their lives. Some authorities claim that reactivation of the virus can occur when the body's resistance to disease is low due to a cold, fever, menstruation, fatigue or emotional upset. So from all appearances, genital herpes appears to be the cold sore of the sex organs—irritating but not serious. *That's a mistake.*

On the vaginal lips, genital herpes is usually extremely painful and has quite often been associated with cervical cancer. Further, an infant born to a woman whose blisters are active can pick up the infection. The infant's brain and nervous system can be brutally attacked by the disease: It is fatal to over 50 percent of the children infected, and of those who survive over half will have suffered permanent damage to the central nervous system, sometimes resulting in mental retardation. Nothing stops herpes; parents and doctors can only watch the infected child die.

Since more couples are into oral sex

these days, herpes simplex I (cold sores) has been discovered on the genitals, and the blisters of type II have been found on the lips and in the mouth. If you have sex when the blisters are present anywhere on the body, you risk submitting your lover to a lifetime of misery.

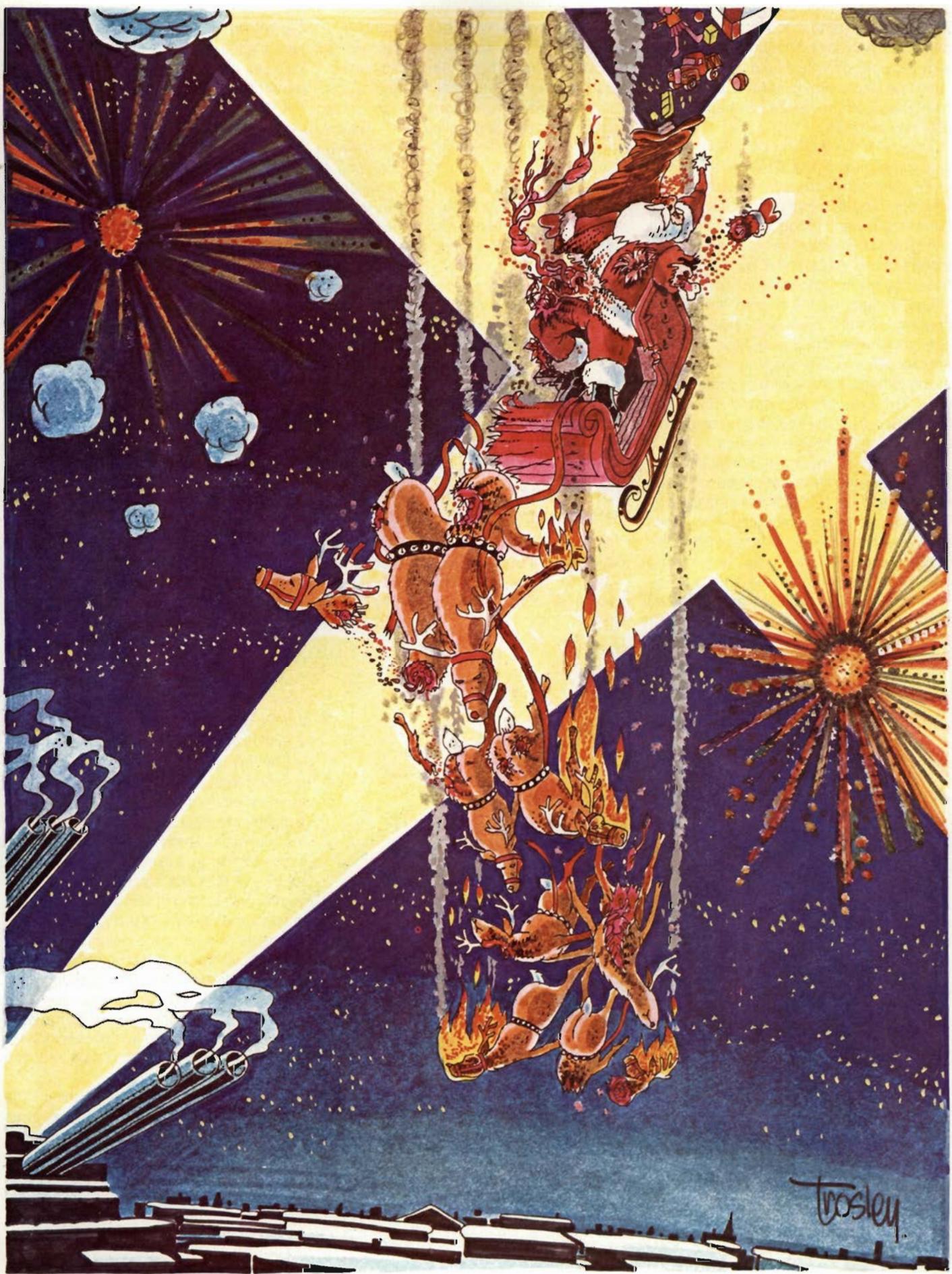
GONORRHEA

More commonly known as the clap, gonorrhea is caused by a bacteria called the gonococcus. This disease is causing more alarm among doctors today than any other form of VD.

In men, the fluids produced by fucking and the motion of the stroke combine to wash the bacteria from the infected person into the duct that carries piss out of the body (the urethra). Within three to nine days, it's usually obvious that you've got a dose of the clap: All of a sudden it burns like hell when you take a piss, and there is a discharge of white-yellow pus—the drip. The infection has caused the inside of the urethra to become inflamed and raw, and the uric acid in your piss makes it feel as if a red-hot needle is being jabbed into the opening in the end of your dick every time you urinate. Some men may have milder symptoms, and up to 5 percent will experience no symptoms yet still be able to transmit the infection and suffer from its complications.

The infection may spread to the prostate gland, causing the gland to swell and to block the flow of urine. Sperm reservoirs at the back of the testicles may also become infected, and thus your balls will become swollen and painful. And the scar tissue that is an aftereffect of gonorrhea can block the sperm ducts and cause sterility. If scar tissue has obstructed the urethra itself, the insertion of a catheter may be required. A small plastic tube will be pushed into the opening in the penis to the bladder so that you can take a piss.

The majority of females with gonorrhea are asymptomatic, and some experience only slight burning or mild abdominal pain or bleeding. Such symptoms may go totally unnoticed or may be misdiagnosed. The motion of an infected man's cock in a woman's vagina transfers some of the bacteria to the mucous membranes, the protective linings of the vagina. Although the gonococci don't flourish on the walls of the vagina, the cervix, at the base of the womb, is involved, and the infection spreads to the fallopian tubes. If the disease goes undetected, and therefore untreated, these tubes will fill with pus, often during the first menstrual period following the infection. Then the entire pelvic cavity may become abscessed, a condition called pelvic inflammatory disease. Many women



are rushed to emergency wards with severe abdominal pains that resemble acute appendicitis, only to find they have gonorrhea with extreme complications. Often by this late date, the development of scar tissue has sealed off the fallopian tubes entirely, resulting in sterility.

Also, with the growing popularity of oral sex, gonorrhea of the throat has become more common in men and women. The infection may resemble tonsillitis or strep throat but usually produces no symptoms.

If gonococci enter the bloodstream and travel to other parts of the body, they may collect by the millions in the joints—elbows, knees, ankles, wrists, fingers and toes—causing intense pain and swelling and eventually severe crippling. Most cases of arthritis occur in men and women who have asymptomatic genital, oral or rectal infections. The eyes are also easily infected by this bacteria, and blindness can result from untreated cases of eye infection.

Gonorrhea is the most prevalent contagious disease in America because so many infected individuals don't realize they have it. It's often asymptomatic; if you don't know you've got it, you won't have it treated. In other words, you can become a fucking disaster area without feeling a thing.

Unlike syphilis, which has remained

steadily responsive to treatment with penicillin, gonorrhea has been developing a resistance to this and other antibiotics. In fact, there have been rumors of an incurable strain of clap that has evolved in Southeast Asia. Unfortunately, in some combat zones, antibiotics are readily available on the black market to medically unqualified people. These people might administer an inadequate dose of the drug. The stronger gonococci would survive and be passed on to other people, speeding up the evolution of the bacteria. In fact, more virulent strains of gonorrhea have appeared in many parts of the world, including the U.S.—especially in Western states.

Penicillin still works quickly and efficiently in the treatment of gonorrhea, but larger and larger doses are required to kill the bacteria of the more resistant strains—there is a limit to the dosage the body can take at one time. New and effective drugs must be discovered and tested if we expect to continue to cure this disease.

NONSPECIFIC URETHRITIS AND TRICHOMONAS VAGINITIS

Nonspecific urethritis (NSU), an inflammation of the duct that carries urine out of the body, is an extremely widespread disease whose symptoms mainly affect

men. Like gonorrhea, the symptoms include burning when you take a piss, only usually less painful, and the discharge of watery fluid as opposed to the thick pus of gonorrhea. Doctors know very little about this NSU. A woman may happen to be carrying the microorganisms that cause the infection. She would have them because they travel with the sperm. The man and the woman must be treated simultaneously, or they will reinfect each other. Both partners need treatment with tetracycline.

Mutual reinfection can also occur in the most common vaginal infection: trichomonas vaginitis. A man will not have any symptoms, but a woman will almost go crazy with the itching inside her pussy and the rotten-smelling, frothy white discharge.

SYPHILIS

Syphilis—the most dangerous and debilitating venereal disease—is essentially the invasion of the body by a microscopic, corkscrew-shaped parasite called a *treponema pallidum* spirochete (SPY-ro-keet). This microorganism has evolved into one of the most efficient killers in the world—specializing exclusively in human beings. Syphilis has wiped out an estimated 100 million people in the last century.

This specialization is its weakness. The *treponema pallidum* spirochete is so very delicate it can live only a few hours under favorable conditions outside the human body, which provides the perfect environment for its survival. The chances of catching syphilis from toilet seats, towels and drinking glasses are extremely remote.

The syphilis spirochetes can enter the body through the nose, eyes, mouth or an open wound on the skin, but screwing supplies the ideal conditions for transfer of the disease. There are plenty of warm juices for the organisms to swim in, and the rubbing of the cock against the walls of the vagina helps force them through the soft mucous membranes of the vaginal walls, or the glans (the tip of the penis).

The spirochetes become established in the bloodstream and lymph glands, which will carry them to all parts of the body. They literally screw themselves through the walls of the blood vessels to attack every kind of tissue and break down the basic structure of each cell they invade.

You won't feel—or see—a thing. The infection incubates for approximately three weeks, but incubation can vary from a few days to a few months. Then, at the spot that the spirochetes entered your body, a chancre appears—a sore, except that term is misleading since there is usually no pain, itching or burning.

(continued on page 117)



A woman with long, dark hair tied back, wearing a pink bikini, is sitting on a beach. She is looking over her shoulder towards the camera. The background shows the ocean with waves and some rocks. The lighting suggests it's a sunny day.

Lorilee



...a feel for it

"I'm scared to death of the ocean," Lorilee told us, but she thought this was "one of the most beautiful spots" she had ever seen.

Since she claims she's really into touching, it's no surprise to us that the feel of the water and sand enticed this bosomy 19-year-old to overcome her fear. For her, touching isn't just sex but a way of communicating. "Anyone who's afraid to touch or fondle is inhibited," Lorilee said, and it appears that she's not holding back in her contact with the sea and its surroundings.

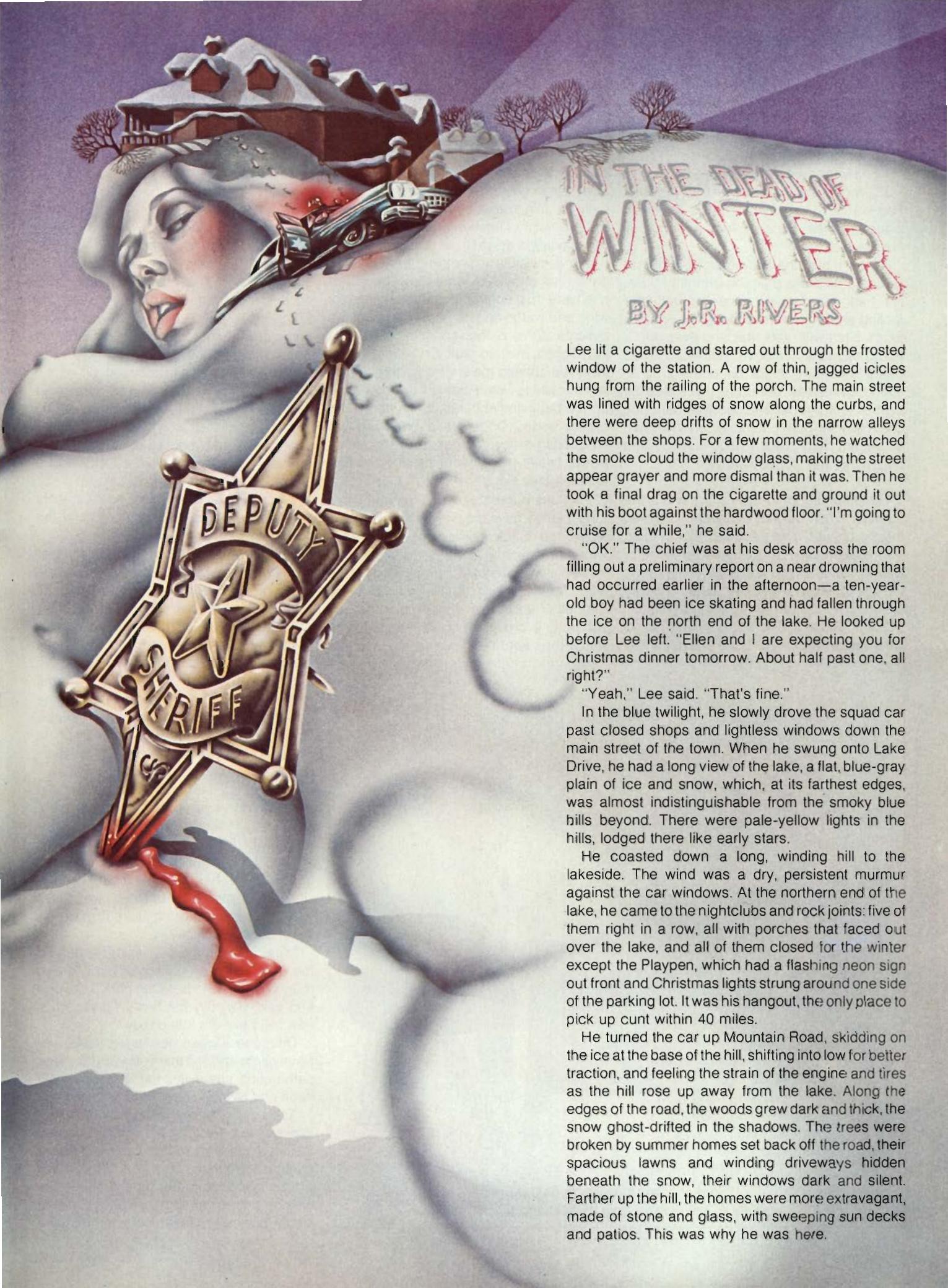
However, life isn't all frolics and fondling for this Monrovia, California, model—Lorilee is studying to be a medical assistant. "I'm crazy about anatomy." That goes double for us.











IN THE DEAD OF WINTER

BY J.R. RIVERS

Lee lit a cigarette and stared out through the frosted window of the station. A row of thin, jagged icicles hung from the railing of the porch. The main street was lined with ridges of snow along the curbs, and there were deep drifts of snow in the narrow alleys between the shops. For a few moments, he watched the smoke cloud the window glass, making the street appear grayer and more dismal than it was. Then he took a final drag on the cigarette and ground it out with his boot against the hardwood floor. "I'm going to cruise for a while," he said.

"OK." The chief was at his desk across the room filling out a preliminary report on a near drowning that had occurred earlier in the afternoon—a ten-year-old boy had been ice skating and had fallen through the ice on the north end of the lake. He looked up before Lee left. "Ellen and I are expecting you for Christmas dinner tomorrow. About half past one, all right?"

"Yeah," Lee said. "That's fine."

In the blue twilight, he slowly drove the squad car past closed shops and lightless windows down the main street of the town. When he swung onto Lake Drive, he had a long view of the lake, a flat, blue-gray plain of ice and snow, which, at its farthest edges, was almost indistinguishable from the smoky blue hills beyond. There were pale-yellow lights in the hills, lodged there like early stars.

He coasted down a long, winding hill to the lakeside. The wind was a dry, persistent murmur against the car windows. At the northern end of the lake, he came to the nightclubs and rock joints: five of them right in a row, all with porches that faced out over the lake, and all of them closed for the winter except the Playpen, which had a flashing neon sign out front and Christmas lights strung around one side of the parking lot. It was his hangout, the only place to pick up cunt within 40 miles.

He turned the car up Mountain Road, skidding on the ice at the base of the hill, shifting into low for better traction, and feeling the strain of the engine and tires as the hill rose up away from the lake. Along the edges of the road, the woods grew dark and thick, the snow ghost-drifted in the shadows. The trees were broken by summer homes set back off the road, their spacious lawns and winding driveways hidden beneath the snow, their windows dark and silent. Farther up the hill, the homes were more extravagant, made of stone and glass, with sweeping sun decks and patios. This was why he was here.

They want a full-time security force all year 'round, the chief had told him at the end of the summer. There's a lot of dough invested in those houses up on the hill. They want to keep them safe.

I'll have to think about it, Lee had said.

It's not like being a summer cop, the chief had warned. This town can be a deadly place in winter. Especially for a young guy like yourself.

At the top of the hill, he slowed the car down as he drove past the Bennett house. He had spent some time last summer fooling around with their daughter, Vicki, a tough bitch with dark, flashing eyes and a body that made him go weak inside. He had heard that they might be coming up to spend Christmas here, but there was no sign of them yet; the house was dark, the shades were drawn tight. When Vicki had taken him there the previous summer, the house had not looked so bleak.

* * *

He remembered the day at the end of the summer when he was cruising the lake in the patrol boat. It was a clear, hot day filled with brilliant sunshine, and as he came in toward the beach he noticed Vicki, wearing the scantiest bikini he'd ever seen. She was standing on the raft and waving at him.

"How about a ride home?" she asked when he drew closer. "I don't have my car

with me, and I don't want to wait around for daddy to pick me up."

In the boat, she sat up on the prow, her head tossed back, the wind playing with the ends of her hair. From behind her, as he eased the boat out into open water again, Lee had an uninterrupted view of her back. Only the thin, fragile string of her top broke the even flow of her deep-tanned flesh from her shoulders down to the crack of her ass, which was visible above the line of her bikini pants. Her shoulders were thrust back as if she were challenging the headlong rush of wind and water, and he could make out the delicate curve of her shoulder blades as they flexed, ever so gently, now and again. When he opened the engine full throttle, the water rushing white behind the boat, she turned back and shouted to him above the engine noise, "Doesn't this make you feel so goddamn free?" In spite of the short-sleeved navy-blue uniform he wore, he had to admit that it did.

The lake curved east and thinned into a long, narrow cove, heavily wooded on both sides, the black stillness of the shaded water in peaceful contrast to the strong wind-drawn currents of the main body of the lake. Toward the far end of the cove, the Bennetts had built a wooden pier that ran out from a brown-shingled boathouse in which they kept their two sailing rigs. Lee

didn't know much about boats, but he knew enough to know that the Bennetts' crafts were the best-looking on the lake. Up a steep, wooded path, he could see the back end of the house, its second-story windows well above the line of the trees.

"Daddy's not back yet," she said, looking up at the house as Lee guided the patrol boat in toward the pier.

"How can you tell from here?"

"When he's here, he's always up in his study, working. That's his window that faces out this way. His desk is right by the window. When I was a little girl, he used to let me come down here to play because he could watch me from there."

Lee waited as she stepped off of the boat, her body unfolding in all its slender fullness. She pulled herself gracefully up onto the dock.

"You want to look at our boats?" she queried with just the slightest flicker of a smile.

"Sure." He laughed easily as he thought of the chief looking for him down at the beach.

He followed her down the pier and into the semidarkness of the boathouse. For a moment, Lee just stood inside the door, listening to the water lapping at the sides of the sailboats—no other sound but her breathing, as gentle as the water. She stood close to him, so close that he could feel the trembling of her flesh, as if it were calling out to him. She had often flirted with him on the beach, but he had felt it was never serious. But now he sensed she wasn't playing. In the darkness, her smile was an invitation, not a tease.

He reached over and pulled her close to him, letting his hand drift down her belly, squeezing her cunt through the soft nylon of her bikini.

"You know," Vicki said as she leaned against him, her hand reaching for the zipper of his pants, "ever since I was a little girl I've dreamed of being fucked in here. It's sexy, don't you think?"

"Yes," Lee murmured, kissing her around the ears and neck, pulling at her bikini so roughly that she twisted her body sideways and said, playfully but firmly, "If you rip it, how will I explain it to daddy?"

Then she slipped her fingers inside her bikini pants and slid them off. With the same deft motion, she pulled her top up over her head and dropped it onto the wooden floor.

"Let's play out my fantasy all the way," she laughed, stepping out onto the deck of the larger of the two boats. Lee watched her reach down into the boat and come up with a tube of cocoa butter. She dropped the tube onto the gleaming white deck and then gently lowered herself down, turning over



"Soak it in warm water to help it drain, and try to keep away from sweets and oily foods."

so that her rounded ass was thrust slightly upward.

Lee didn't bother to undress. Instead, he stepped down onto the deck and simply pushed his pants down just far enough to be comfortable. Then he knelt down over her and took the tube of cocoa butter and shoved it, like a cock, between her cheeks, squeezing the soft plastic tube, feeling the oil shoot between his fingers. She moaned with the injection of fluid—and moaned again, louder, when his cock replaced the tube. With his hands placed firmly on the cheeks of her ass, he raised and lowered himself in steady, thrusting rhythms, feeling her tight sheath begin to loosen under his pressure, not thinking at all about her pleasure, only his own as he built toward his climax, holding it back as long as he could to heighten it, then giving in to the pull of her hole, his cum squirting in hot, jagged bursts into her darkness.

"What good is life without fantasies?" she laughed as they lay side by side on the cool surface of the deck. "I want to fulfill every fantasy I've ever had." And something in her voice made Lee believe that, one way or another, she would.

There was a rustling sound outside, and he heard her breath cut suddenly short. "Oh, God!" she said. "It's daddy."

She jumped up and reached for her bikini on the boathouse ramp. She had barely gotten both parts on, Lee having hurriedly pulled up and zipped his pants, when the door opened and a shaft of light was thrown across them. In the doorway, the dark silhouette of Mr. Bennett, grim shadows on his face, stared at them.

"I've got to be going," Vicki said and rushed past her father without looking back at Lee. Mr. Bennett glared at him. When he spoke, his voice was controlled, but it made the anger swelling beneath it all the more dangerous. He looked at Lee with utter contempt, as if Lee were the lowest scum of the earth. "The cops here work for me. They're the paid servants of the people who own this town. If I ever catch you around my daughter again, I'll make sure you live to regret it. Do you understand me, boy?"

The road now curved sharply ahead of him. The entire valley was spread out below him: sky, mountains, ice, each stained a different shade of blue. Small, uneven circles of light trembled through the darkness, and he felt transfixed by their soft, tentative glow. When he stopped the car and turned off the engine, he groped in his pockets for a cigarette. He sure could use a piece of Vicki right now, he thought. Rich bitch or not, she was the best piece of ass he'd ever had. God, was he sick of the dumb



farm cunt he'd been fucking all winter.

Lee realized that his experience with life reduced itself to a case of the rich fucking the poor, the powerful raping the helpless. In the Pennsylvania town where he grew up, the men—his father among them—grew old and wasted before their time, working 12-hour shifts in the mines while the fat cats sat in air-conditioned offices and drove home at 4:30 in company limousines to their fancy ranch houses in the suburbs. He thought he would escape when he quit high school and enlisted in the army. There he found the same shit—the NCOs and the brass always pulling rank, kicking ass in every way they could. He developed an attitude of passive resistance, did as little work as he had to, and waited for the day when he would be on his own again.

But when the day of his discharge finally came, he was unprepared for it, as if it had crept up on him and had caught him off guard. For a month he hung around near the base until he ran out of money. In the spring, he drifted north to this town and took the summer job policing beaches, just to give himself more time to decide what he was going to do with his life. In the fall, when the chief asked him to stay on, he agreed and, he thought bitterly now, he'd ended up being the one thing he swore he'd never be again: a lackey for the upper classes.

Later that night, Lee got slowly drunk at the Playpen. A country-and-western band played from a revolving stand over the bar. He leaned lazily against the bar and let the noise and movement of the bodies on the dance floor fill his senses. In some way, the Playpen made him feel connected to his past. No matter where he'd been in the five years since he left home, there was a roadside bar like this for him to hang around in. The music was different, depending upon what part of the country he was in, but the feeling was the same. Sometimes he thought if he could ever get the money together he'd buy a place like this. Only he'd keep it open every night, winter and summer, not just on weekends, and fill it with the best-looking cunt he could find.

"Hey, McCabe," a girl's voice said behind him.

Vicki Bennett stood there, looking out of place among the locals and smiling at him in a way that said he should be pleased she had singled him out. Her eyes had the same dark sparkle and challenge he remembered from the summer.

"How you been?"

"Lousy," Vicki said. "What a down this place is in the winter."

"The county's best prospects are here tonight," Lee said, indicating the crowds of guys lounging along the bar.

"Hot-rodders and farm boys," she said, her mouth turned down in her characteristic gesture of contempt. Then she laughed and smiled her dry, Ivy League smile. "Buy me a drink?"

"Sure." Lee motioned to Frank at the other end of the bar. "How long you up for?"

"It depends on when daddy has to go back to the city. He doesn't know yet."

"What are you drinking?" the bartender asked her.

"A dreamboat."

"A what?" Frank asked.

"A dreamboat," she repeated, sharper this time.

"Never heard of it. What's it got in it?"

"Galliano, vodka, Cointreau, orange juice and milk." She reeled them off in a way that said any asshole should know how to make one.

"We don't have no Galliano," Frank said without expression.

"Can you make a beer?" she hissed at him. And when Frank went down to the opposite end of the bar, she said to Lee, "Jesus, McCabe, how can you stand this dumb hick town?"

"I'm going to get out of here soon," Lee said.

The band shifted downward into a slow, mournful ballad. The singer's voice whined above the twanging guitars. "This music's driving me up a wall," Lee said. "Let's go back to my place."

In the darkness of his cabin, he grabbed her under the rough woolen army blankets. He remembered how brown her skin was in August when he had fucked her in the boathouse. He hadn't had the chance to be alone with her after that; she always had her college friends coming up to visit. And when her friends were here, she never paid much attention to him, instead withdrawing contemptuously back inside her class, the idle, affluent young jet-setters that he half envied, half loathed from afar. But now neither her father nor class distinctions stood between them; she groaned as if she had no other life than this, as if she had no past or future, nothing but this moment in the black stillness of the Adirondack night.

He rubbed his thick callused hands over the smooth, rounded curves of her tits, scissored her nipples with his fingers and plunged his fist into her cunt, not bothering to begin gently to warm her up. Vicki squirmed and begged for his cock. Rich or poor, he thought, they're all the same in the sack. He lifted himself over her and jammed his rod into her dripping hole, pounding hard like a nonstop piston, as if he'd stored all of his energy up for the past two months of the winter, waiting for this opportunity to pound her pussy, as if Vicki represented both the

Lee pointed his cock like a hose and shot into Vicki's face, thinking, this one's for your rich daddy.

source as well as the escape from his frustrations, the vehicle on which he could ride out his emptiness, the deadly boredom of winter in this town, the disgust he had harbored for all the cow-eyed farm cunts he had screwed night after night in this interminable winter, the stinking prison of helplessness he'd been captive in all his life.

She twisted under him, jerked, trembled, her body convulsing in spasms of pleasure as he felt his cum scalding through his cock like the ignited wire of a fuse that would set off a tumultuous charge in the powder keg of her cunt.

Afterward, in the darkness, her voice was soft. "The first time I came up here to the summer place was when I was six," she said. "I couldn't get over how dark it got at night. Like this. So dark I couldn't see my hand in front of my face. After my parents went to bed, I would lie awake in my room and be afraid that if I went to sleep I'd get swallowed up in the darkness and disappear."

Lee groped for his cigarettes on the table beside the bed, listening to her voice rise and fall in the darkness. In the glow of the match, she looked at him and smiled, just the slightest trace of her familiar sneer in it. Then the smile and her face flickered back into darkness. "Now I'm a big girl," her voice said beside him. "I'm not afraid anymore."

Something about the way Vicki said it made Lee grind his cigarette out against the wall of the cabin and mount her again. His cock responded, and within seconds it was as stiff and as hard as the muzzle of his pistol. He fucked her in the same silent, merciless way as before, driving down into her as if his cock were a drill and her cunt a rich vein to be mined. He was going to dig up every bit of her cunt ore, plunder her rich deposits, strip every fucking thing he could out of her. In his cock, rosy, juicy sensations seemed to swell up the shaft to the head of his prick in alternately smooth and turbulent ripples. He shoved his left hand under her and grabbed for the crack of her ass, wedging three fingers up into her asshole. He worked her tits with his other hand, cupping them and squeezing them, pulling them upward and tightening his grasp as he reached the nipples, as if he

were milking them, jerking them off like they were cocks pregnant with cum.

Then he pulled himself up out of her, his cock hanging taut over her cunt. He slid upward until his ass rested against her tits and his prick touched the lips of her mouth. She opened her mouth and took it, and he leaned upward to get it at a more rewarding angle. He imagined how her face looked sucking him off in the darkness, straining furiously—at the mercy of his cock. He felt the cum building inside him, and he jerked his prick out of her mouth just as he started to come. With his hand, he pointed it as if it were a hose and shot the burning fluid into her face, aiming for her eyes and nose and mouth, thinking, *this one's for your old man, for your daddy*.

And then, 15 minutes later, when she said she had to leave because her father would be worrying about her, he fucked her again, hard and long and bitter, until she lay still and gentle as a lamb beneath him.

When she finally did get up and start to get dressed, he said, "You know, I been thinking about getting out of here soon, maybe heading down your way—to New York."

"That's nice," she said absently.

"How about giving me your phone number, and I'll call you when I get there?"

"That's not a good idea," she said, in the same absent, offhand manner. She was feeling around on the floor at the foot of the bed. "Hey, McCabe, where's my other sock?"

"Why not?" he persisted.

"Why not what?"

"Why isn't it a good idea?"

"Well, you know," she said, coming up with her sock.

Lee grabbed her wrist and made her look at him. "No, I don't know."

"Don't spoil it, baby, OK?"

"You mean I'm not good enough for you, right? It's OK up here in the dark, but don't bring it out in the light where everybody can see it. Is that it, bitch? Is it?"

She jerked her wrist free and pulled on her sock. "Don't be a bore, McCabe."

Lee got up and went over to the dresser and lit a cigarette, trying to control the trembling of his hand. "Get out of here," he whispered in a tight, controlled voice. "Get out of here before I really do a job on you."

* * *

"You're not sorry you stayed on, are you?" the chief asked from behind him.

Lee didn't like to think about it. When he turned away from the bay window and came back into the parlor, the chief handed him a glass of brandy. "No," he said. "I like it fine."

"The Bennetts are up," the chief said.



"And this year you'd better see that I get that pony, motherfucker!"

"Vicki's up, too," he added. Lee felt himself getting angry, and he turned away so the chief wouldn't see.

"Bennett called me up," the chief continued. "Didn't want us to worry if we saw the lights on at his place. Says he's leaving tomorrow morning."

Despite himself, Lee felt a pang of regret. Vicki was leaving in the morning. He wanted her to stay.

When they sat down for dinner, the chief's gray eyes became sharper and more intense. "This Christmas marks my 25th year in this town," he told Lee. "A quarter of a century." He turned to his wife, who sat across from him. "It's hard to believe, isn't it, Ellen?"

"Time does go by," she said, passing Lee the plate of baked ham.

"Twenty-five winters like this one. Snow on the ground from November to April. Before I met Ellen, I used to sit in the station in the middle of January, horny as hell, with the snow falling outside the windows, and I'd think I was the only living thing in the county. Except for the deer and the rabbits." He took a long sip from his wineglass and wiped his lips with the linen napkin. "It's funny," he said, "how in the middle of winter it's so easy to forget there ever was a summer, and in the summer, on a clear, hot day, with the sun beating down on all the activity of the lake, you forget what the winter is like."

* * *

The next afternoon he was on duty at the north end of the lake, which the local kids used as an ice skating rink. It was dusk, and everyone had gone home except for two boys who were out playing hockey on the ice. From inside the car, he watched Joey Skinner maneuver the puck around his friend and with a quick, firm stroke push it into the fireplace logs that served as a makeshift goal.

The chief's voice on the radio broke through Lee's reverie. "Someone was seen prowling around the Bennett place a little while ago. Check it out, will you?"

"There's still a couple of kids out here," Lee said.

"They'll be OK," the chief said. "Better go on up and have a look."

Lee watched the boys for several moments more, then reluctantly started the engine.

The roads were choked and thick with snow, so it took him almost 45 minutes to get to the Bennett house. On Lake Drive, the wind drove the snow in blinding eddies, so that even with the wipers beating at full speed he could barely make out the road in front of him. Twice he slid off the road into snowbanks, and he had to jockey back and

He stormed through the girl's empty house, smashing sculptures and paintings, his head pounding with rage.

forth from reverse to forward a half-dozen times before he was able to jerk the car free. On the hill itself, the tire chains groped for traction, the car creeping forward at less than ten miles an hour, Lee cursing the snow as if it were a live presence sent deliberately to thwart him. It seemed to him that he had spent a lifetime—not just one winter—in this snow, battling for visibility, for easy footing, the ball-breaking climb always uphill, every moment a hazard, faced as he was with slipping and falling backward to where he had started from.

When Lee finally reached the Bennett house, he stopped the car in the middle of the road and left the motor running. He had just gotten out of the car when the chief's voice on the radio brought him back.

"Joey Skinner fell through the ice. The other boy couldn't get to him in time."

"Oh, God," Lee said. And for the first time in years he felt close to crying.

"Lee, are you there?"

"Yeah," he said after a moment, his voice far away. "I'm here."

"Did you check up there yet?"

"I just got here."

"All right. Come on back down to the lake when you get through, OK?"

Lee sat there numbed, his eyes watching the snow fall outside the car windows as if they were disembodied, without feeling, without memory or pain. After some time, he got out of the car and followed a set of footprints that led in through the woods in the direction of the house. There was a gaping, ragged-edged hole in the large window that faced out over the patio. Glass had splintered down over the snow like pieces of ice.

Through the falling snow the broken window seemed dark and menacing. It gaped back at him. Behind him, the wind made a low, rushing sound in the trees.

When he looked up at the window, the snow seemed suspended there, caught in a draft of darkness.

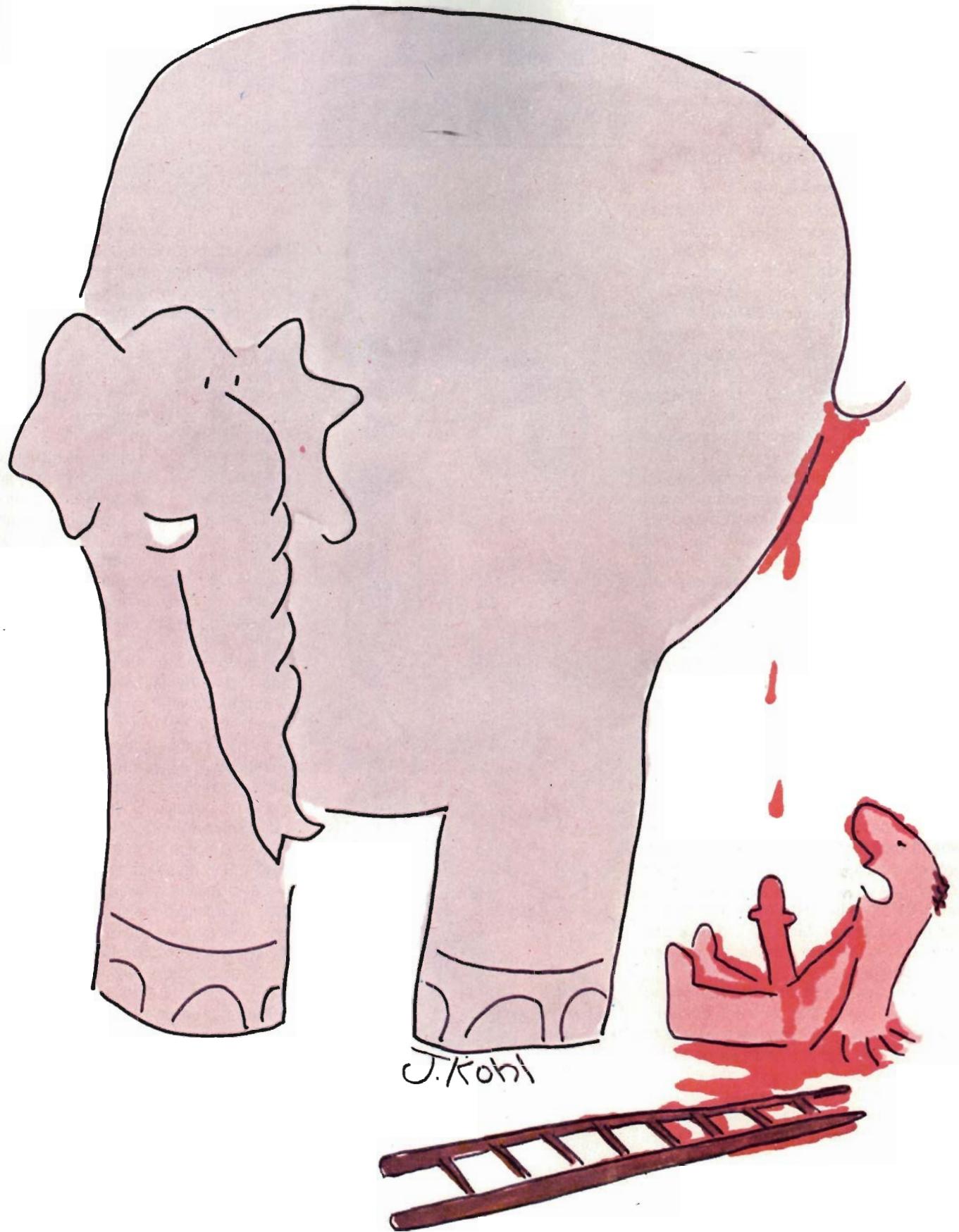
After trying the doors, he balanced on the railing of the patio and pulled himself up through the window without getting cut. For a moment, he stood just inside the living room, awestruck by the ornately carved wooden furniture, the chandeliers, the thick oriental carpets, the geometric paintings on

the walls. He felt out of place, as if he were trespassing and at any moment someone would yell at him to get out. He took a step forward into the room and saw a rock about the size of a baseball lying in a small pool of water near the dining alcove.

He searched through the house and found everything else in place. When he came to Vicki's room, he stopped and looked around at it. Everything was neat and ordered and in its proper place. There was the smell of perfume, and on her dresser he saw the bottles, maybe 50 or 60 of them, stoppered, the pale liquid shimmering through the crystal glass. The bed was carefully made, the spread tucked up firmly beneath the pillow. Then he noticed the pictures on the wall. He went closer to inspect them, saw that they were pictures of some big society ball, girls in long white dresses, guys in black tuxedos. There was a picture of Vicki dancing with her father. Vicki was smiling, that same defiant sneer that said *fuck you* to the rest of the world. Her father had the exact same smile. Lee felt something erupting inside him, and he began to rip the pictures from the wall and hurl them across the room. He dropped the picture of Vicki dancing with her father to the floor and crushed his boot into it, the glass frame crackling beneath his weight. With one sweep of his arm, he sent the perfume bottles crashing to the floor, their stench rising around him in billowing waves that nauseated him. He ripped the covers from the bed, overturned the mattress and pulled her dresser onto the floor in a thundering crash. Then he stormed throughout the house smashing sculptures, paintings, breaking lamps, upsetting everything he could pry loose with his hands, his body working into a terrible sweat, his head pounding with the blind fever of his rage.

When there was nothing left for him to defile, he staggered outside, down the path that led to the car. He slumped, drained and exhausted, onto the front seat. His breath rasping, he called the chief. "Someone's kicked the shit out of the place," he heard himself saying.

Lee drove the car back down the hill to his cabin, where he smashed it into a snowbank and then left it there, the police light flashing red stains across the snow. Inside the cabin, he took off his uniform and put on jeans and a jacket. He packed some things and threw his duffel bag into the back of his beat-up Chevy convertible. As he rode out on Lake Drive, he passed the north end of the lake, where he could see a small group of dark figures huddled out on the ice. On the far shore of the lake, the red light of the chief's car flashed purposelessly into the blue winter darkness. 



"You didn't tell me you were a virgin!"

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning your sexual encounters? If you do, write it down and send it to HUSTLER's *Kinky Korner*, the section of the magazine written by the readers for the readers. We pay \$100 for each story published. Your submission should be approximately nine typed pages in length and accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped return envelope.

HERE CUMS SANTA CLAUS

by Raoul Robino

Five years ago I worked as one of those volunteer bell-ringing Santas and collected money for a local charity. The job turned into an experience I've been dying to tell about in *Kinky Korner* because it was one of the greatest Christmas seasons of my life.

It also turned into the greatest pussy season I ever had, and all because I was wearing a Santa Claus suit. I first noticed the advantages of wearing the suit when people would interrupt their usual big city rush to chat with Santa, many of whom were young mothers or even single chicks.

Before long, I realized that this was an opportunity to talk to chicks whom I would normally be too shy to approach, especially out on the street. I found that while I was hidden behind my Santa getup, I could come on to these chicks and even ask them out without being embarrassed or running the risk of getting my ass in trouble. After all, they were talking to Santa Claus, not me.

Some girls got angry, but most of the time they not only warmed to my advances but actually took me up on them. I found myself spending lunch breaks in nearby apartments or hotel rooms, getting it on with hot cunts who were getting a lot more personal satisfaction from their donation than they had imagined.

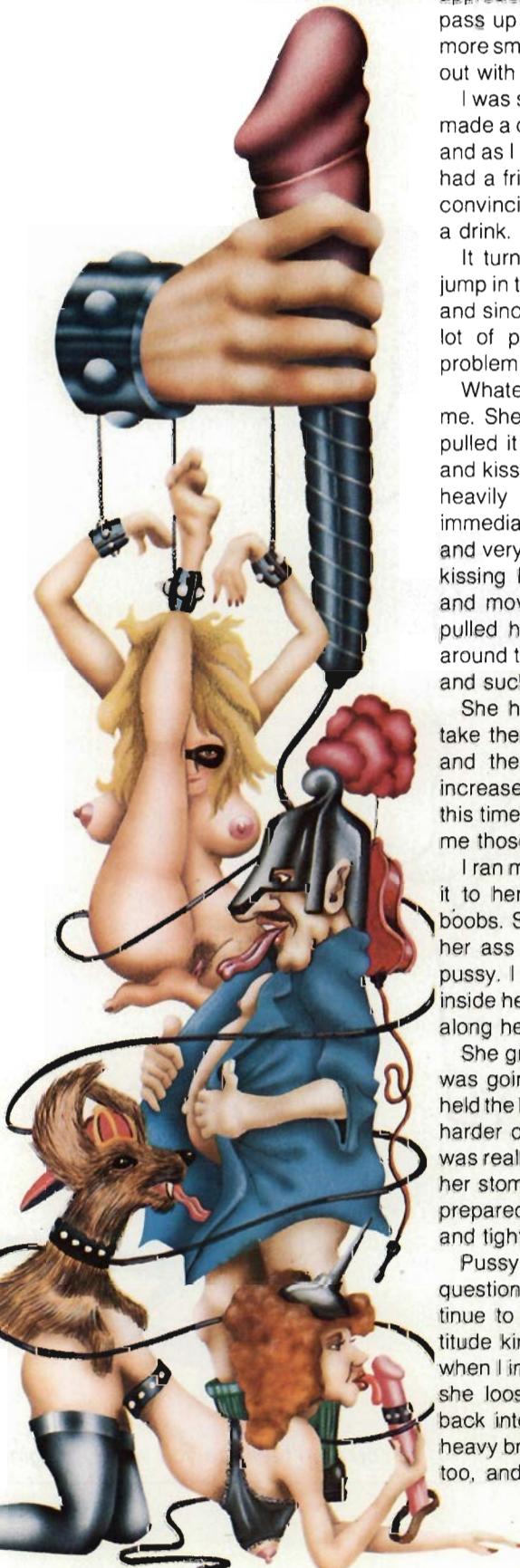
There wasn't an evening that went by when I wasn't getting my rocks off nestled between some girl's legs. I had considered myself lucky to get a piece of ass once a week before this, and now I had all the pussy I wanted. In fact, I could pick and choose from the young asses that wiggled by my corner.

Not only was I able to score with young chicks but with older women, too. Any woman with a nice body was eligible to become Santa's helper. And even as all this was happening to me, I was still amazed that I was getting all the pussy I wanted just because I wore a Santa Claus suit. I wondered if my fellow workers were doing as well as I was.

For example, one day a girl carrying an armload of packages stopped by. I offered to hold her shopping bags while she rummaged around for some coins, and we struck up a conversation.

She was very well dressed and had a wool scarf wrapped around her head. She

KINKY KORNER



didn't seem to be a working girl and impressed me as being kind of quiet. I did most of the talking during our encounter, and she just smiled and nodded her head. The combination of her innocence and good looks was really turning me on.

She was the kind of girl that I normally wouldn't have enough courage even to approach, let alone talk to, but I couldn't pass up the opportunity with this girl. After more small talk, I asked her if she'd like to go out with me.

I was surprised when she agreed, and we made a date for dinner. Her name was Ann, and as I said, she was the quiet type; but we had a friendly dinner, and I had no trouble convincing her to go back to my place for a drink.

It turned out that she was really hot to jump in the sack. She lived with her parents, and since she didn't work she didn't meet a lot of people. Her shyness was also a problem, she told me.

Whatever the reason, it was all right with me. She had long, light-brown hair, and I pulled it back and started nibbling her ear and kissing her neck. She began breathing heavily right away. My right hand went immediately to her breasts. They felt warm and very soft even through her bra. I began kissing her neck, unbuttoning her blouse and moving my kisses lower and lower. I pulled her bra straps down and reached around to unfasten the harness as I kissed and sucked her tits.

She had wide, flat nipples, and I would take them in my mouth and pull on them, and then tongue them as her moaning increased. The only move she made during this time was to push out her chest to offer me those beautiful white tits.

I ran my hand over her stomach, lowered it to her crotch and started sucking her boobs. She responded to this by pumping her ass up and down as I squeezed her pussy. I raised her skirt and ran my hand inside her panties, and when my fingers slid along her wet snatch, she really went wild.

She grabbed my hand, and I thought she was going to pull it away, but instead she held the back of my hand and rubbed it even harder on her cunt. This kind of response was really turning me on, so I started kissing her stomach. She enjoyed this, but when I prepared to go down on her she drew back and tightened her grip on my hand.

Pussy eating was definitely out of the question for her. She just wanted me to continue to play with her wet pussy. This attitude kind of put a damper on things, but when I inserted a finger into her hot snatch, she loosened her grip and began to get back into the mood. Her gyrating ass and heavy breathing got me back into the mood, too, and I soon learned that she had no

serious hang-ups about fucking with me.

I slipped her panties off, dropped my drawers and gently pushed her back onto the couch. I was still wearing my shirt and socks, and she had her blouse and bra half off while her skirt was up around her waist. I licked and kissed at her tits as I climbed on top of her. Then I guided my cock to her cunt hole and pushed it inside. She was hot and tight, and I thought I might blow my wad right away. Her pussy was superwet, and as I slid my cock in, I could feel the hot meat of her snatch gripping it. As I began pumping in and out, she started thrusting her cunt up to meet me. Her eyes were closed and her mouth was open, and she was moaning very loudly.

She'd been running her fingers through my hair, and when she came I thought she was going to pull it out. As she jerked my hair with every spasm, her cunt muscles tugged at my pole, and that brought me off in a great orgasm.

When I had finished, she immediately began rearranging her clothes. I realized she had all the natural qualities of a good lay; she only needed a little training. We met for the next couple of nights, and although she still wouldn't let me go down on her, she remained a hot number. And besides, I was beginning to like her very much.

Then I met Diana. She was a skinny chick who came walking down the street with her coat open in spite of the cold. She stopped to make a donation, and she started to come on pretty strong, which was a switch for me. I took her up on her offer, and I found out it wasn't a joke. I liked Ann but felt that should not keep me from pursuing my newfound ability to pick up chicks, so I showed up at Diana's apartment. She invited me in and suddenly began kissing me. Then she led me into her bedroom and began taking off my clothes. She told me to lie on the bed and then slid off her black oriental robe to display a thin but well-proportioned body.

She went down on me immediately, and my soft cock started popping up right away. It turned me on to hear her saliva gurgle in her mouth. As soon as I was hard, she rolled me onto my stomach and started kissing the small of my back. Slowly she worked down to the cheeks of my ass, then down to my thighs. As she worked back up to my ass and started licking along the crack, I began humping the bed. I tingled every time I felt her tongue flick my skin.

My balls tightened as she ran her tongue around my asshole. No one had ever given me a rim-job, and I knew now what I had been missing.

Then she rolled me onto my side and worked her tongue from my asshole up to my balls. After she tongued each nut, she

My balls tightened as she ran her tongue around my asshole.

licked the shaft of my cock and began to give me head again.

I pulled her ass up to me so that we could '69,' but first I wanted to return the favor and lick her ass. I spread her cheeks with my hand and then stabbed my tongue directly at her brown eye. She sat up and pushed her ass back against my face and began rotating her hips as I licked and probed at her shit box.

I moved back around to her cunt and began licking it for all I was worth. As I ran my tongue up and down her snatch, I also rubbed my nose in it, stopping occasionally to suck and nibble at her fat clit. In a matter of minutes, she was coming, biting at my groin and saying, "Oooh, yes. Oooh, yes."

When she'd had her last spasm, she raised up into doggy-style position and asked me to fuck her in the ass. I got to my knees and stuck my cock in her cunt to get it wet. Then I placed the head of my cock at her asshole. She pressed back against it, and I penetrated her ass with no trouble. As I shoved my cock all the way in and began slow, humping motions, I reached around and began fingering her clit.

She started coming again, and this started to bring me off. I grabbed her by the hips and began pounding into her. When we finished, we lay back on the bed, exhausted and totally satisfied.

Diana and I started seeing each other regularly, but I was still interested in Ann and had to keep my schedule carefully planned so that I could see them both without getting caught. Of course, I was still seeing other girls at lunchtime or late at night after I'd left Diana or Ann.

Those two girls had me going, though. Ann was probably the nicest girl I had ever known, and her sex training was coming along nicely. But Diana was the wildest lay I'd ever had. I'd never had so much pussy in my life—at least once a night.

Although I finally convinced Ann to give me a blow-job while I massaged her cunt, she wouldn't let me eat her out.

It was obvious she had never sucked cock before. At first she kissed it a bit and then took it in her mouth and began a simple

up-and-down motion. This is one part of her training that I enjoyed. I told her to use her tongue on my cock, and that, when she took it in her mouth, she should move up and down slowly, with her lips wrapped tightly around it, and keep her tongue pressed against it. I also taught her to pay particular attention to the head.

When she gave me head, I usually had two fingers working in and out of her snatch while my thumb pressed against her clit. She would lie on her side facing me, and I could watch her expressions as she sucked me off—up to the point of taking my cum in her mouth. When it got that far, she just jacked my load out of me and watched the sperm shoot into the air.

On the other hand, Diana didn't need to be taught anything, and I even learned a few things from her. Although she could be a bitch at times, I really enjoyed screwing her. Once, when Diana was blowing me, she stopped just before I was ready to shoot and squeezed my prick. She kept this up until no amount of squeezing could hold back my wad.

She made up for it by sucking and fondling my cock until she had it hard again. She rubbed my first cum load between her small tits and pushed them together and had me fuck between them. There wasn't much flesh there, but it was still a wild feeling. When her tits began to get dry, she covered them with hand lotion. It felt cold on my cock at first, but the lubrication was so good that it only took me a few minutes to shoot another wad, right onto her neck and face.

She wiped my cum off with her hands and then sucked it off her fingers, smiling at me the whole time. After that particular exchange, we kept fucking and sucking through the night.

It couldn't last. One evening when Ann and I were in the middle of a hot session, Diana started pounding at the door. I wouldn't have answered it, but Diana started hollering for me. I'd forgotten that I'd asked her to come over. Diana was mad because I stood her up for another girl, and Ann was furious and very embarrassed by the interruption at that particular time. Although I eventually talked Diana into seeing me again, I couldn't convince her to see me regularly. Ann refused to speak to me anymore. The Christmas season was past, and my steady supply of pussy was gone—down the drain.

It went slowly for me during the course of the next year, but the very next Christmas season once again proved that the Santa costume was still useful for picking up girls. Each year I look forward to that merry season so that I can bring my pussy-hunting suit out of the closet. 

BUKOWSKI

(continued from page 44)

control me, so far. I leave notes under her door, and she laughs at me. She says, "You fool, you're a retarded child. You're an imbecile." I love that. I like difficult things to overcome—difficult, beautiful, intelligent things, to overcome. I don't want it too easy. Here's a woman. She looks great, and she's not even interested in me. To make her interested brings out your personality, brings out something in you, makes you do things you otherwise wouldn't do.

HUSTLER: But a lot of your relationships with women, at least as they are expressed through your writing, seem to be mind games, a way to get her, a way to make her respond.

BUKOWSKI: Yes, that's true. I'm not totally OK. All my women say to me, "You love arguments; you love all this battle." It's just drama. Conquer, screaming. Open windows. Passion. It's good. I want action. And the way to get action is to battle something.

HUSTLER: Is it true that women don't respect men that they conquer?

BUKOWSKI: Definitely. They don't want toadies. They don't want ass kissers. They want someone tough that they can bring down and make weep in the middle of the night. Women are the same as men.

HUSTLER: What do you hate most about yourself?

BUKOWSKI: That I'm feeling better all the time, and I can't understand it or accept it.

HUSTLER: You mean that success has changed you?

BUKOWSKI: Yes, it has. It's given me a fatter head. One of my girlfriends said, "Your head can't get any fatter because you had a fat head to start with." Which is true, too. The thing I hate most about myself is that I feel more comfortable, and that may put a dent in my writing because you have to be frantic and half mad to create. This is why I get involved with young women. They're always going to tear my guts out, and that's going to help me keep going on. In other words, I almost look for trouble in order not to be comfortable.

HUSTLER: Was it your suffering that made you the writer you are?

BUKOWSKI: Suffering? I don't know about that word.

HUSTLER: Well, it seems to come across in your writings—from my point of view.

BUKOWSKI: Well, the difference between me and the average writer, I think, is I live differently. And that's all. Most writers make it early, and then they keep writing. They have nothing to write about except being writers, you see. There's no meat there. So I

Women don't want ass kissers but someone tough they can make weep in the night.

was lucky because I lived like everybody else and am able to, I think, relate that living back onto the paper.

HUSTLER: Then would you say your life has been good?

BUKOWSKI: Shit, no. It's been bad.

HUSTLER: Why are there so few really good erotic writers in the United States?

BUKOWSKI: Why are there so few writers of any kind in the United States?

HUSTLER: There are hundreds of writers turning out words for everything from *TV Guide* to the great American novel.

BUKOWSKI: You call that writing? It's words on paper.

HUSTLER: I won't digress and get into the position of rating contemporary writers.

BUKOWSKI: Oh, I can get into that position. I can't read any of them. I think they all stink.

HUSTLER: Is there any writer that you admire?

BUKOWSKI: Not a living one.

HUSTLER: What writer, living or dead, can you read?

BUKOWSKI: Well, Celine. Do you know *Journey to the End of the Night*? I laughed all the way through *Journey*. I said, "Here's a son of a bitch who can really write better than I can." I read that whole book through in bed, laughing—real good laughter, you know. It was great. And, of course, Dostoevski, he was a tough boy. But there aren't many like him; they just don't show up now.

HUSTLER: What do you think of Harold Norse as an erotic writer, a contemporary of yours who has written for *HUSTLER*?

BUKOWSKI: I haven't read much of his prose. He's a good poet at times, but basically he's too poetic. He's not raw enough. He's too educated, and he's too careful. He hurts inside, but he doesn't get it down right. He's a Poet, capital P. When he takes a shit, he says, "I'm a Poet." When he walks down the street he says, "I'm a Poet." When he drinks a cup of coffee, "I'm a Poet." What a writer has to do is forget that he's a writer, if he can. That's the problem with most of these bastards: They never forget. You must forget and things happen. Then you remember what happened, and you become a writer when you have to. That's a hell of a holy thing to say, but I can't

help it. It's just the way I feel about it.

HUSTLER: Would you characterize yourself as being an alcoholic?

BUKOWSKI: Hell, yes.

HUSTLER: Why do you drink so much?

BUKOWSKI: Basically, I'm a very bashful person—I've got a lot of self-doubt—but at the same time I have a tremendous ego. Something about alcohol erases the self-doubt and allows the ego to come out. I've had a lot of experiences and, I think, one thing about drinking is, it leads you to avenues you would never find if you didn't drink. You take chances, you take gambles. One time I was coming from the racetrack. I had had a fight with my girlfriend, and when I fight with a woman I get very upset. I had won about \$180 that night, and I was drunker than shit. So I'm driving along, and when I stopped for a moment at a stop sign, four black guys in a car behind me hit my bumper and pushed me a little. When a guy's had a fight with a woman you don't want to mess with him, you know. He's a killer. So I let them go around me. They went up to the next stop sign, and I went up and pushed their bumper—hard. At the next stop sign, I pushed their bumper harder, and all of a sudden they started trying to get away—four black guys, big—and I'm following them. We're turning corners, we're screeching. Here's one white old man chasing four black young cats in a car. "Ah, I'll kill you," I yelled. We're skidding, just like a movie, and I feel like I can do it, you know.

When you feel like you can do it, who knows? We're screeching, and suddenly they pull up to a curb and I park behind them. Finally I'm going to get to beat the shit out of all four of these guys. They could have been white; they just happened to be black, you know. I'm antiblack, true. I'm antiyellow, antianything. Anyway, I opened my car door and got out. I'm in a big pea coat that makes me look bigger than I am. I came stalking up, and I'm ready to grab them... and the minute I start moving toward their car, vroom, they took off. I jumped back in my car, but I lost them.

HUSTLER: Did you say you're antiblack?

BUKOWSKI: Yeah. I'm antiblack, also antiyellow.

HUSTLER: Are you antiwhite?

BUKOWSKI: Yes, I am.

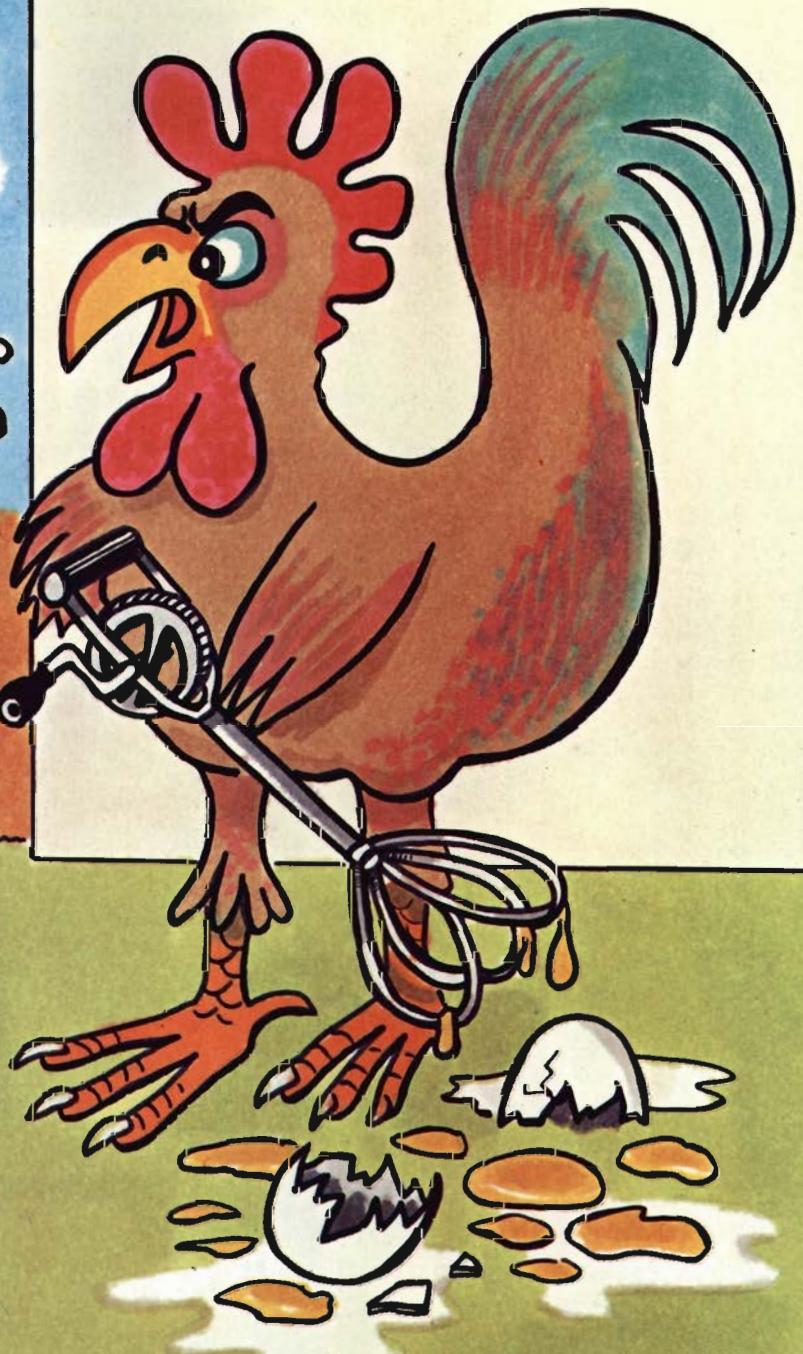
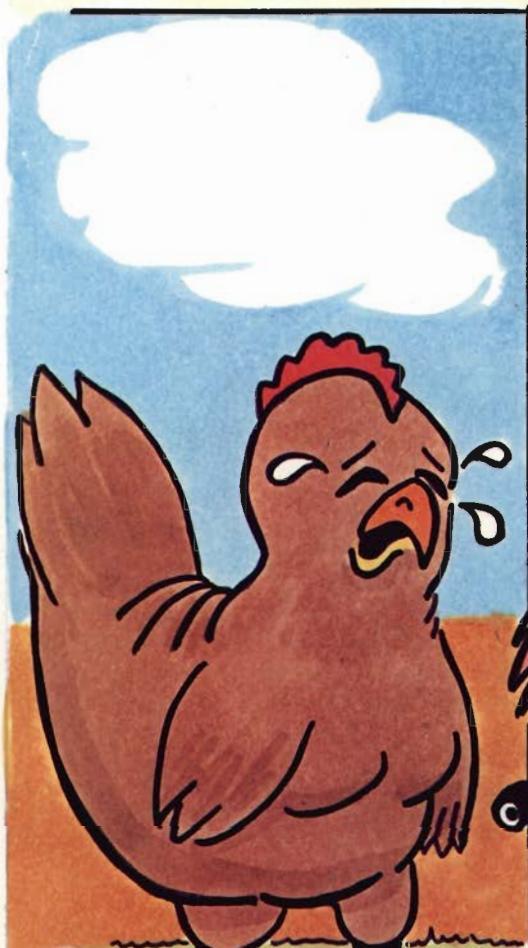
HUSTLER: What is it about blacks that you dislike?

BUKOWSKI: They drive four in a car. And they hit my bumper. Anyway, drinking leads you into avenues where courage can't take you.

HUSTLER: Or wisdom refuses to.

BUKOWSKI: Things happen. Drinking makes things happen.

HUSTLER: Have you ever been put in jail



RINALDO

"Damn it, stop sobbing! The abortion was your idea."

for trying to get away with that kind of shit?

BUKOWSKI: I've been in prison.

HUSTLER: What for?

BUKOWSKI: Draft dodging.

HUSTLER: Well, that's very noble. When was that?

BUKOWSKI: World War II. That was a big war.

HUSTLER: That was before it was fashionable to dodge.

BUKOWSKI: Yeah, I did it before it became a good thing. I can't differentiate between a good war and a bad war. I figure you get killed in both—somebody will get murdered.

HUSTLER: Were you simply afraid of getting killed? Is that it?

BUKOWSKI: I wasn't afraid of getting killed. What bothered me was being wakened up in the barracks at 5:30 A.M. by some asshole with a bugle or some sergeant running in. Also what worried me was being a buddy with all these good-humor creatures.

HUSTLER: They probably would have shot you when you weren't looking.

BUKOWSKI: On Saturday night, you know, "Hey, let's all go to town and get fucked!" That would tear me to pieces.

HUSTLER: What about the patriotism that was displayed in those days?

BUKOWSKI: I passed on all that shit. Because once you remove an enemy, a

new enemy appears. Once you remove an enemy, you take his place. You take up some of the things that you wanted to eradicate. There is no war to cure war. But I wasn't really a draft dodger. I just forgot to leave a change of address, so they picked me up and took me to the psychiatrist, and he asked me three questions: "Do you believe in the war?" I said, "No." He said, "Are you willing to go to the war?" I said, "Yes." I had some grand idea of jumping out of a transport, grabbing a machine gun and getting the hell out of there. I couldn't do it. I'd be too scared, but that was my idea. Then he said, "You know, you're an intelligent person. We're having a party at my house. I like you. Will you come to my party?" I said, "No." He said, "OK, you can go." He said, "You don't have to go to the war. You didn't think I would understand, did you?" I said, "No."

HUSTLER: They didn't put you in jail for not serving?

BUKOWSKI: They put me in jail and held me until the interview.

HUSTLER: But you never did any hard time?

BUKOWSKI: Never any hard time. Seventeen days for drunk and disorderly. You know, chickenshit.

HUSTLER: You seem to be a pretty nasty guy.

BUKOWSKI: I'm one of the kindest dogs in the universe. I'm full of kindness and goodness. I'm a Christmas tree.

HUSTLER: Why do you want to project this nasty image?

BUKOWSKI: When I started this poetry game, I said, "You're going to have to get an audience's attention. How are you going to get it? By acting up as an asshole." I once beat the shit out of a china closet. I did all kinds of ridiculous things because I wanted people to say, "Wow, Bukowski is a madman." It was a planned attack. I thought if I gave them shock, maybe they'd read what I really wanted to say.

HUSTLER: Do you feel any connection with your audience?

BUKOWSKI: Not really. I think that most of them are a bunch of damn fools.

HUSTLER: I noticed that. You seem to have a certain amount of contempt for people who are impressed by your work. I think that indicates a certain self-hatred.

BUKOWSKI: No, it's not that. I get lots of phone calls from idiots in the middle of the night, and I say, "Are these my readers?"

HUSTLER: They think they recognize a kindred spirit.

BUKOWSKI: Thank you.

HUSTLER: Do you think that your writing will immortalize you?

BUKOWSKI: Yeah, I think so.

HUSTLER: Does that matter to you?

BUKOWSKI: No, I'm not interested in being immortal.

HUSTLER: Not at all?

BUKOWSKI: Not really, I don't care. When I was younger, I thought it would be great to be immortal, like Shakespeare, but now it really doesn't matter. All I want to do is be buried near the racetrack.

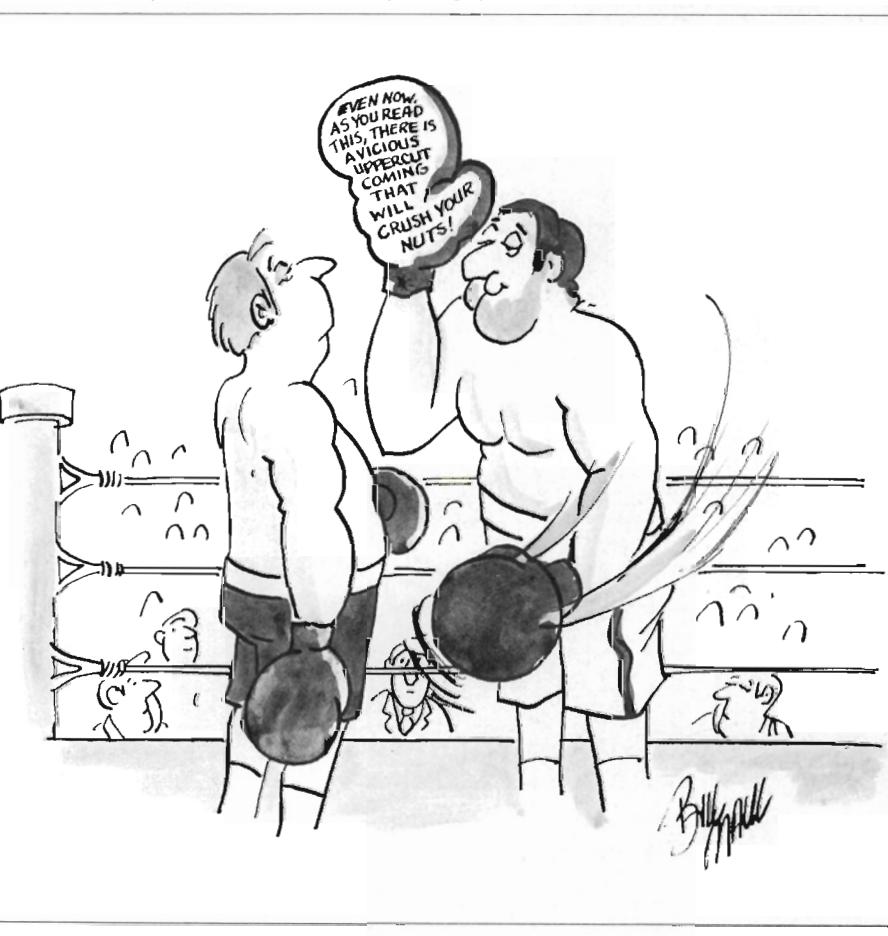
HUSTLER: What about death? Are you afraid of death?

BUKOWSKI: No, I'm not afraid of death. All I'm afraid of is a long sickness where you have to sit on the bedpan and a nurse comes and pinches your ass. That long, slow trip toward it is what's hairy. Death itself is OK, but that long, slow trip; I want to avoid that.

HUSTLER: One final question. How do you feel the '70s will be for writers like you and magazines like HUSTLER?

BUKOWSKI: I think it is definitely opening up. But I think now we're turning the clock back. We're going to go backward for about five years. I think there is going to be a reaction.

HUSTLER: What makes you say that?

BUKOWSKI: Ronald Reagan. People show up to lead us backwards. If you guys can make anything out of this, congratulations. I ought to fly on out to L.A. and rape an eight-year-old girl. First one I see. 

CHESTER THE MOLESTER



"On Dancer, on Prancer...."

HUSTLER BEAVER HUNT

Are you waiting anxiously to see if Santa lays a hot lady under your tree for you? Maybe you'll see something you like in the collection of elves that makes up December's HUSTLER Beaver Hunt amateur erotic photo contest. They're sure to make you drool in your eggnog. You might also ask Santa for a camera for Christmas so that you don't let the New Year go by without sending in photos of the lady you think would look best in a HUSTLER photo spread.

To enter the contest, just send a sharply focused color photograph—no black and white photos, please—of your

favorite personal model in the nude to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. We'd also like a short personality profile of your entry. Coax her to be as candid as possible. We must also have a signed copy of the model's release that appears on page 117.

If we publish your girl's picture, you will receive a \$50 contributor's fee. A Beaver Hunter license will be awarded to all amateur photographers who enter the contest, and your Honey has the chance to appear in a future HUSTLER pictorial spread—if she is judged Best Amateur Beaver by a panel of degenerate HUSTLER staffers. Should we decide to use the winner in a future photo layout in HUSTLER, she will be paid (\$750-\$1500) as a professional model. So take her picture for Christmas—and for us. She'll thank you with a special gift.



This is Farah Bey, 26, of North Lauderdale, Florida. A member of a modern dance troupe and a girl who enjoys making her own X-rated home movies. Farah writes: "When I dance, I wish every man in the audience would, one by one, ball me onstage." That's entertainment.



Joyce Owens, 24, hails from Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, and she's certainly OK with us. Joyce tantalizingly confides that she enjoys playing sex games with her many friends.

A student and model, 18-year-old Nancy Sheldon of Clinton, Iowa, lists bicycling and art collecting as her hobbies. She'd like to try out the threesome scene with two other girls.



Photo by David Kohnen



Kathy Kohnen, 23, is from Florissant, Missouri. A salesgirl and housewife, she digs bowling, boating and hiking. Kathy tells us she'd like to try an endurance event, like making it with three guys for five days straight in the great outdoors.



Pat Baker, a 22-year-old Tempe, Arizona, housewife, is fond of sketching, swimming, biking, sex in semipublic places and just a touch of bondage and discipline.

Photo by Chuck Wagner

Photo by Steve Baker

Maggie O., 22, of Big Rapids, Michigan, loves to caress a man's body with her long golden locks. As a hobby, she breeds and raises Irish wolfhounds.



Photo by Kurt Freiberg

As you can see, the "little girl" look is Lane V.'s favorite way to turn on her men. The 19-year-old from Lake Charles, Louisiana, is also into flowers and motorcycles.



Photo by Mike Van



Photo by Fred Wegner

Kathy Wegner's husband Fred tells us his 25-year-old lady likes to entice strangers by wearing miniskirts and see-through panties. The Tucson, Arizona, housewife also says she enjoys threesomes with chicks or guys.



Ms. B. B., a 30-year-old from Corpus Christi, Texas, enjoys deep-sea fishing with her photographer/roommate Chuck Norman. B. B.'s sexual fantasies involve sheer lingerie, high heels and stockings. She sure baited our hooks!



Photo by Robert Nichols

Cindy W. is a self-proclaimed lady of leisure in Oroville, California. When she isn't designing her own clothes, she likes to make love in places where she might be seen without being caught.



Photo by Bob Demers

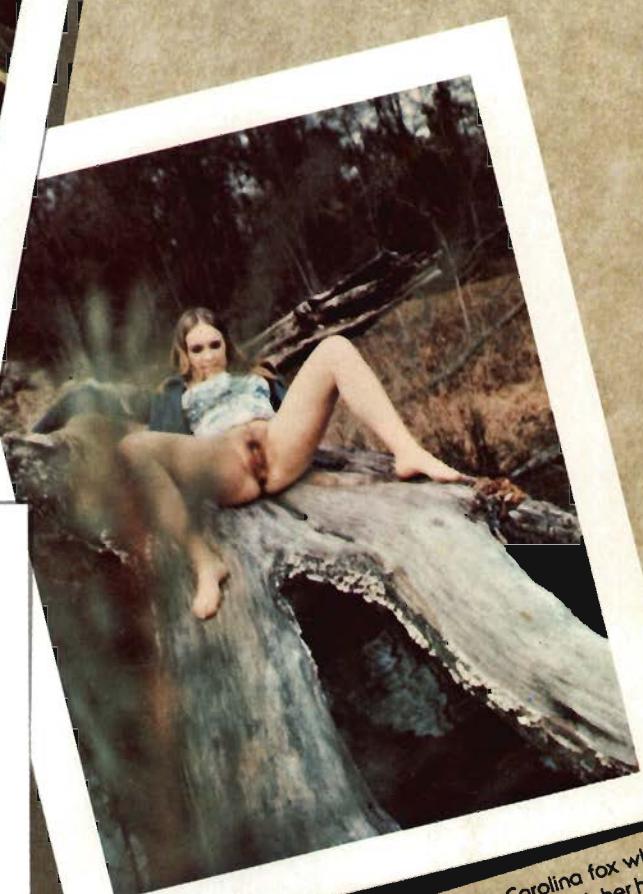
A 27-year-old artist from Santa Ana, California, Betty Homer's favorite fantasy is "masturbating in a car beside a bus so that everyone can watch."



A 25-year-old cocktail waitress who loves deep throat, gentle sex and multiple orgasms, Joyce P., who comes from a small Massachusetts town, enjoys keeping her man hard long into the night.



Miriana Gabriel, 31, of Watsonville, California, raises snakes to use in her belly-dancing routine. Foot rubs turn her on, but she dreams of being massaged all over by 17 people at the same time.



Melody Prewitt is an 18-year-old South Carolina fox who likes swimming, reading and sexy interludes with her husband and other couples. She writes that occasionally she enjoys making it with a chick, too. Don't we all.

LAS VEGAS IS FOR LOSERS

(continued from page 34)

Protecting a Sure Thing

To understand the true dimensions of the scam, you've got to begin at the top, with the Vegas ownership. Vegas is Big Business, and its business is making money that can only come from the loser. Last year, Nevada casinos earned \$1.1 billion. The notion that the casinos are there to risk this profit against your stash is simply part of the con. Such corporations as Hilton Hotels, which owns the Hilton and the Flamingo; MGM Corporation (the Grand); and the Howard Hughes Summa Corporation empire (The Sands, Frontier, Castaways, Landmark, Silver Slipper and Desert Inn hotels) along with people like Mitzi Stauffer Briggs of the Stauffer Chemical family (51 percent of the Tropicana) aren't into gambling any more than General Motors. Their corporate minds are set on the bottom line. Charts, graphs, financial reports—a sure thing. Your losing in Vegas is part of their sure thing.

Nor is the Teamster's Central States Pension Fund in the gambling business—

they're merely wise investors. This pension fund helped bankroll the Argent Corporation—which owns the Stardust, Fremont, Hacienda and Marina hotels. And if you don't think the Teamsters fund is into protecting its \$62.7 million loan, then you probably believe Jimmy Hoffa decided to disappear on his own.

A big, steady cash flow in Vegas is also important to people other than major corporate giants and the Teamsters. In 1974 and early 1975, Caesars World, the company that owns Caesars Palace, had some interesting dealings with a Miami lawyer named Alvin Malnik and his business partner, one Samuel Cohen. Malnik was thought to be close to Mafia financial whiz Meyer Lansky while Cohen is an ex-con who had been imprisoned for skimming from the Flamingo. Together, they formed a partnership that paid Caesars World \$15 million for two "honeymoon resorts" in Pennsylvania. After the purchase, the pair turned around and leased the same properties back to Caesars World for \$42.6 million on a 20-year lease, and the gaming board stepped in to investigate.

"We think we've stopped most of the old-style skims off the top," a board official said. "But the operation of the hotels is so complex we can't stop it all. There are still dozens of ways that the 'Mob' can take money out. And that cash flow, naturally, is

very important to them."

On all levels, the hotels have big investments and big profits to protect. That means only one thing: The big rip-off has to go on in a sure, dependable way. Vegas doesn't coin cash by letting the players walk away with it—at least with no more than is necessary to keep the lie alive that the town will take on all comers and some will go home rich.

Vegas loves an occasional winner. The corporations, the obscure heavies involved in many of the hotels, the bosses, want just enough people to get "lucky" to keep the casino mystique alive. The house is cool enough to let some winners walk away from the table, knowing that over the course of time it will relentlessly claim a steady percentage of any player's money. Vegas works on the assumption that a guy who struts out one night a winner, will sulk out a loser the following night. Greed and ego almost always bring the suckers back to the action. The problem for each casino is simply to make sure that you return to their particular action and not take your play elsewhere.

A New Jersey man recently won \$1500 in three quick plays at the baccarat table at the MGM Grand. It was the only gambling he'd done. When he got to the teller's cage to cash in his chips, the cashier picked up a phone and called upstairs before changing the chips.

"What's your name, please?" the cashier asked him.

"Why do you want to know?" the man asked, thinking the information might be for tax purposes.

"It's just house policy, sir. Could you tell me your name, please?"

"No, I don't want to," the man said. "Just cash me in."

The woman explained this over the phone and, looking dismayed, hung up. She cashed in the chips and the man left. Later the boss of another casino explained why the MGM would trouble to ask the name on what seemed to be a small win.

"Nothing's small," he said. "If they had got this guy's name, they would have laid a free room and all compliments of the house on him. He would have been a free guest. He was walking out with their money and they wanted another shot at it."

The casinos almost always press hard to get that shot. About a year ago, for instance, a Sands hotel guest won \$480,000 at the blackjack table, the biggest haul ever from that casino. A few months later, after much coaxing and cajoling by the hotel, the man flew in and played blackjack again while the casino brass hovered and sweated. They could have relaxed. Playing seven hands at a clip, at \$2000 a hand, the sucker

V.D. CLINIC



quickly lost back the money to the casino.

It happens that way all the time. The casinos expect it. It's their life's blood. In fact, the edge so favors the house that only a few people ever win, and then rarely with consistency. If you ever figure out how to beat the house, you'll see the underbelly of the monster and discover that Vegas is ruthless, greedy and unwilling to play by its own rules. Some people have found that out the tough way.

Losing as a Winner

Dave Sklansky is a 28-year-old mathematician who dropped out of the University of Pennsylvania to play cards. He went to Vegas and ended up playing blackjack. He won. As a result, he is now barred from several casinos. Photos of him have been circulated among pit bosses and security personnel. To the casinos, he is a thief, a scumbag of the lowest order. His offense is that he knows how to beat them.

Stanley Roberts, a Los Angeles promoter, also plays blackjack. He won at blackjack at Caesars Palace and the Hilton. In both places, guys in expensive suits with tense faces walked up to him and said, crisply, "You can't play here anymore." Roberts left without a fuss. He had no choice.

Sklansky, Roberts and scores of others have begun to challenge the Vegas way. In gambler's parlance, Sklansky and Roberts are known as "card-counters"—blackjack players who keep a mental count of the cards already turned and bet heavily when the deck is in their favor. By doing so they are driving Vegas out of its collective mind and exposing an ugly reality about Suckerville: You're not really allowed to beat the house.

The application of a logical, clear mathematical approach—counting—to the blackjack tables is blowing the casino system that was established to ensure the house wins. By wagering strongly when the cards favor them, and not so heavily when the cards favor the house, Sklansky, Roberts and other counters acquire the betting edge throughout the whole game. An edge the house believes it owns by divine right. As Sklansky puts it, "As a mathematician I know that when the edge is against you it's the same thing as being cheated. The whole concept of playing at a casino for entertainment is ridiculous. They're just stealing money. So if we turn it around and beat them at their own game and then get banned...well, this is horseshit."

Only a relative handful of the millions who play blackjack are counters. And a good counter who puts in long hours at the tables can win \$150,000 a year, but few counters are thought to be that good or that diligent.

Nevertheless, counters who are draining one or two million bucks of the casinos' fat profits a year are enough to freak out the gambling establishment. No sucker is supposed to beat them.

Keeping Track of the Edge

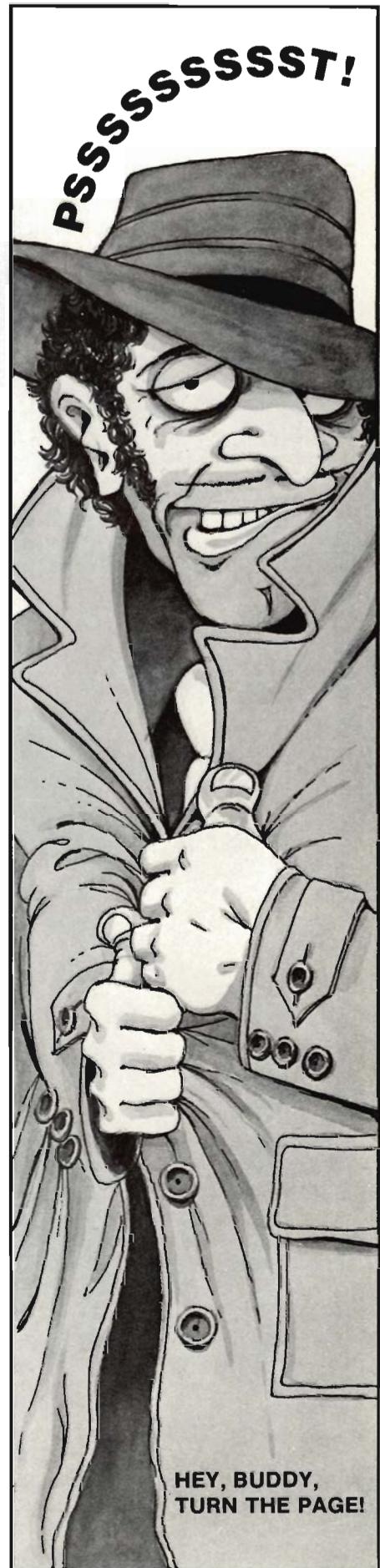
Card counting in blackjack actually got its start back in 1962, when a mathematics professor named Dr. Edward O. Thorp, then at New Mexico State University, and now at the University of California at Irvine, published a book called *Beat the Dealer*. Thorp's book contains a number of computer readouts on the probabilities of one's drawing various blackjack hands. And the charts reveal that the casinos actually miscalculated when they established the blackjack rules. By following a basic strategy on when to stand and when to hit, a player can stay nearly even with the house. By going further and keeping track of the cards already dealt, a player can actually beat the house.

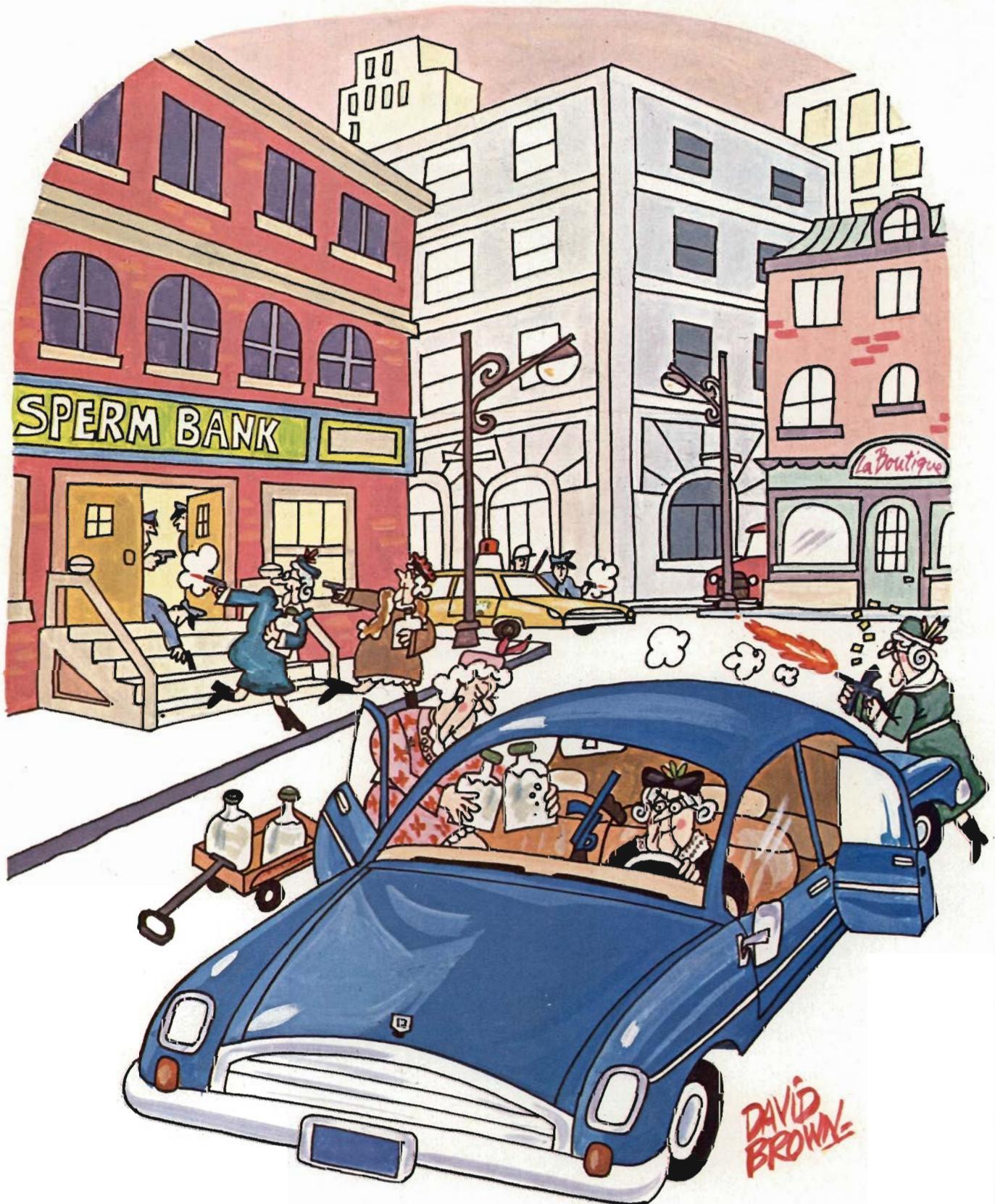
Thorp's system is complex and difficult to learn, but it opened the door for others. In recent years, there has been a flood of systems. And all are based on the same premise: At times, the undealt portion of the deck will be "rich" in the player's favor. A deck is rich whenever it contains a predominance of tens and other high value (picture) cards. Under these conditions, the computer studies show, it's wise to increase your bet. When the point value of the dealer's two cards is less than 17, he *must* take another card while you can stand pat on your hand. With the deck heavy in high cards, chances are he'll draw more than 21. A losing hand.

The secret to winning is knowing when the deck is rich. By "counting" the cards already dealt, it's possible, and it's not necessary to memorize every card to pull it off.

One of the more popular counting systems was developed by Lawrence Revere and later reworked in computer studies carried out by Julian H. Braun, an IBM engineer. Revere is a small, 60ish, wiry, intense man who alternates a few weeks in Vegas—where he teaches his system for a fee—with a few weeks traveling the globe. One of the half-dozen finest blackjack players on the planet, he has been banned from Vegas casinos since 1968 but struck it rich playing his system at other casinos around the world. His book, *Playing Blackjack as a Business*, is one of the better sellers of the breed.

For beginners, Revere uses a simple plus-or-minus approach. As the player watches the cards go out, he assigns a minus-one value to each of the low-numbered cards dealt and a plus-one to





each of the higher-numbered cards. When there are more pluses than minuses out, the deck is in the player's favor and he should increase his bet.

Another system is simply keeping track of the number of ten-point cards dealt out and the number of aces-through-nines. The ratio between the two indicates how "rich" the deck is...hence how to bet.

Cutting Off the Counters

When the various blackjack systems first appeared, the casinos were overwhelmed. "It was like walking into the backyard and picking leaves off a tree," recalls one hugely successful card-counter. But then Vegas made the game harder. For a while the casinos kept an extra dealer at each table to shuffle up after each hand. Irate players, including the noncounters, quickly forced a halt to this practice. Then many casinos began dealing out of a "shoe," a device that held four decks or more. The card-counters simply adjusted their play and kept right on winning. The casinos were forced to get tough.

Kenneth S. Uston's experiences show how far the casinos now go.

Uston is 40-years-old, a graduate of Harvard Business School and something of a computer whiz. He likes action: gambling, women, jazz. He wasn't getting enough action as executive vice-president of the Pacific Coast Stock Exchange, so he began dabbling in Vegas. Three years ago a friend turned him on to Revere's Advanced Point Count Strategy. Intrigued, Uston ran some statistics of his own through a computer, amending Revere's system a bit to suit himself. He practiced hard, eventually learning to "count a deck down"—judge the point value of an entire deck—in just 20 seconds.

One night in February 1975, Uston was playing blackjack at the Sands, his first shot at that casino. He lost \$5000 in a short time. He wasn't worried, though. He knew from experience that there are wide swings in counting but that the system works if you bet your budget and don't panic. Uston's budget was large enough to take the loss in stride.

However, Uston rather foolishly began "spreading" his bets—making significantly larger bets when he thought the deck was in his favor—a sure way for a counter to tip a casino to his presence. "I was spreading pretty drastically," Uston recalled. "I was being ignored, and I had a feeling they weren't watching me. The pit boss hadn't come over to watch me, and the dealer wasn't shuffling up after every few hands. But they have a very elaborate surveillance and video-tape system. A person can be watched even if the pit boss isn't looking."

Whether Uston was spotted by hidden cameras, as he suspects—the Sands has no comment on the Ken Uston affair—or whether the dealer flashed a sign to his supervisor, the end result was the same. The shift boss, Herb Nunez, materialized at the table.

"We don't want your action," Nunez said. "Pick up your chips and get out of here." "OK," Uston said. "I don't have to play here. I'll go to the Dunes."

The remark turned out to be a mistake. Uston crossed the street to the Dunes, where he checked in and deposited \$45,000 in the cage as his stash. Then he decided to take a break for a couple of hours and went out. He returned at 4 A.M. As he reached the lobby, two big security guards pounced on him.

The guards hustled Uston to his room and forced him to pack his bags. Reading from a card, they warned him never to walk into the hotel again. If he did, they said, he'd be arrested immediately and charged with trespassing.

The guards then hustled Uston to the security office, frisked and photographed him, and again warned him he'd be dealt with severely if he ever returned. Hotel personnel peppered him with personal questions. Then Uston was escorted to the cage for his money and finally hurried out to the street.

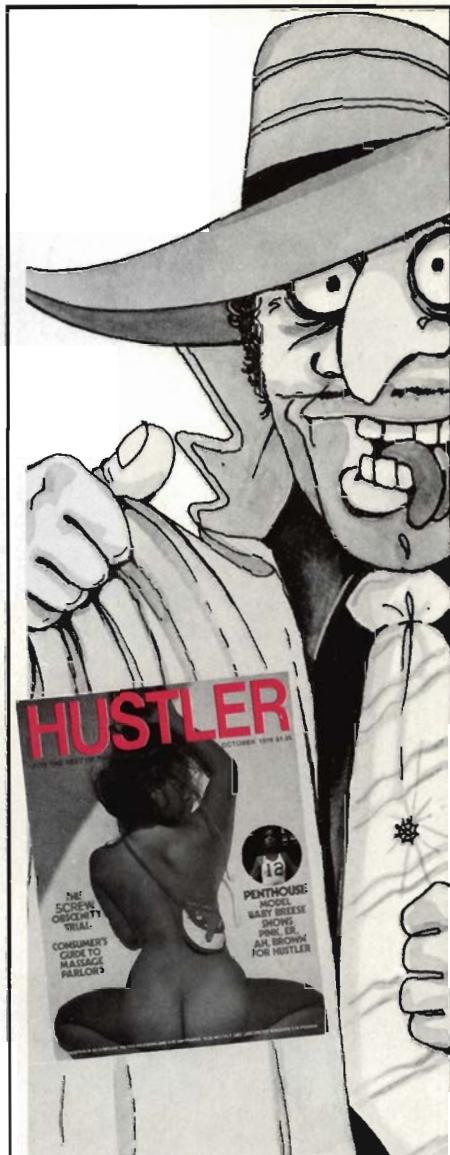
Shaken, Uston split Vegas for a while. Only later did he learn that the Sands had informed Griffin Investigations, Inc. that it had ousted him as a counter. The Griffin agency then apparently tipped off the Dunes. Still later, Uston discovered that Griffin, the major security firm in town, kept something called the "brown book" for the casinos. The book consisted of photographs and descriptions of known card-counters and "cheats," making no distinction between the two. A listing in the brown book is the next worst thing in Vegas to a listing in the "black book"—an assemblage of *mafiosi* and other bad guys banned from Vegas by the Nevada Gambling Control Board.

Oblivious to his new brown book notoriety, Uston returned to Vegas a few weeks later. As he sat down at the Holiday Inn Casino, a security officer approached and told him to leave. His action wasn't wanted, the man said. Uston split.

In June 1975, Uston was in the Flamingo. He was merely standing near the tables, watching a blackjack game, when two armed security guards came over. "Mr. Uston," the guard sergeant said, "you have to leave."

"But I'm just watching," Uston replied. "I'm sorry. You can't stay here."

(continued on page 112)



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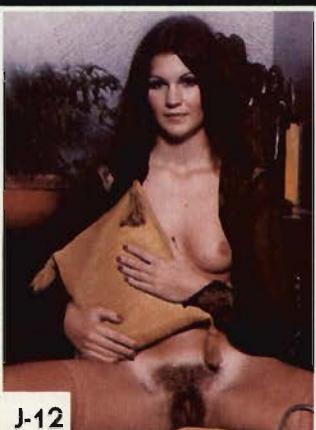
MATCH THE SNATCH

CONTEST WINNERS

We've got the winners of our confused cooze contest (September 1976 issue). Ten readers jumped right in the middle of all this pink pussy, slipping and sliding in the frantic race to be first with the answers and claim their one-year free subscription to HUSTLER. A couple of entries arrived so quickly the drool and cum stains were still

damp. To you fuckers who were so busy beating off you couldn't even get to the mailbox, better luck next year. The winning combinations are indicated on each photo.

"Match the Snatch" winners: Edward Heid, Monaca, PA; Randy L. Mann, Angola, IN; J. Gerde, Westminster, MA; Johnny L. Wooley, Nashville, TN; Russ Gallo, Fullerton, CA; Craig W. Meyer, Milwaukee, WI; Kenneth Crist, Waterloo, IA; Michael D. Walker, Bronx, NY; Terry Sears, Newark, OH; Dan Martinez, Albuquerque, NM.



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LAS VEGAS IS FOR LOSERS

(continued from page 109)

Arguing, Uston asked to see the manager. The guards refused and whipped out their "you-are-trespassing-and-subject-to-arrest" cards. The sergeant read it to Uston. "Now get your ass out of here," he said. Uston did.

That same month he was playing at the Marina hotel when he was again spotted and told to leave. And before that, while at the MGM Grand, the casino manager moseyed over and said, real friendly for a change, "Hey, Ken, you can't play blackjack here." Uston had no choice but to pick up his chips.

Pissed by all this, Uston has filed suits against seven hotels that have evicted him, asking a total of \$58 million in damages. "If you don't have any skill, they love you, ply you with drinks. If you have any skill, they throw you out," he protests. In the past year, more than 50 other card-counters have asked the American Civil Liberties Union to go to bat for them, claiming they, too, have been ousted from various casinos. The

ACLU thinks the constitutional law in this area is unclear and has so far refused. But Uston's attorneys, Dennis T. Gary of San Francisco and John A. Greenman of Vegas, are pushing ahead with Uston's challenge.

The casinos are citing a Nevada law that says they are required to ban from their casinos and hotels any individual "whose presence...may be inimical to the interests of the state." In the past, this has been applied to Mob figures listed in the black book by the Gaming Control Board. But the gambling establishments have interpreted this to mean they can ban anyone they consider a detriment to their operations. Uston's attorneys are arguing that as places of public accommodation, the ban violates the federal Civil Rights Act.

While Uston's suits have Vegas on the defensive, an underground war of sorts still goes on between card-counters and the casinos.

On their side, the card-counters are learning to wear disguises and to limit the spread of their bets in ways that won't attract attention. In response, at least one casino has hired a former card-counter to help the house men spot these players. In other casinos, surveillance by hidden cameras has been stepped up.

When a pit boss or manager spots a counter, he will usually do one of two things: Either kick him out immediately—"You just

86 him," said one manager, "just walk up and tell him to take his business elsewhere"—or harass the player until he leaves on his own.

Harassment takes several forms. Some bosses come over in a group and stare. The dealer may be ordered to shuffle up after each hand, an act that makes it impossible to count. And some of the more ignorant bosses may try to psych out a player with cheap little tricks.

"The bosses are so paranoid, they think anyone who's winning is a counter," says the dealer at the Stardust. "They don't know better, so they'll come over and have you change the guy's chips from red to green ones. They think it'll upset him and he'll start losing. Or they want you to deliberately bend the cards and change the deck. Or they'll keep changing the dealer. This may upset people who are just on a winning streak, but if a guy is a counter, what the hell is all this going to do?"

Amid all this frenzy, the average players have not gone unscathed. They, too, are being harassed. One recent evening at Caesars Palace, a man sat down to play and began spreading his bets widely. On some hands he bet \$50; on others he laid \$500. He was asked to leave.

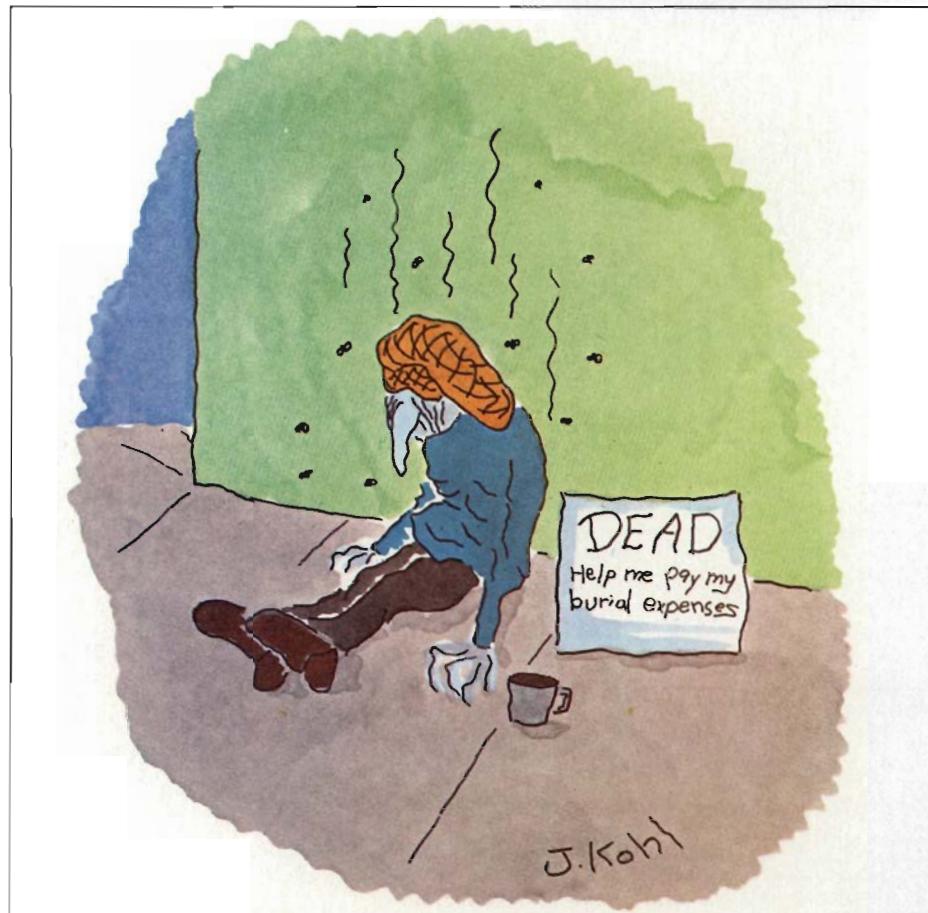
Infuriated, the man hurried over to the housephones to call the Caesars' office. As it turned out, he not only wasn't a counter, he was also a relative of one of the owners.

"You get incidents like this because you have such inept personnel in Las Vegas," a veteran and highly successful card-counter explained. "They have a lot of people standing out there wearing suits who would have trouble getting a job driving a taxi. So what happens is the pit boss goes to his supervisor and says, 'We've got a counter.' He thinks that makes him points. The supervisor then goes to the casino manager and says, 'We've got a counter.' So he gets points. They're chasing away a lot of business."

Although hard evidence is scant, there are reports now that some casinos are so distressed at being taken at their own sucker's game that they are reverting to some very old-fashioned techniques—like beatings and other harassment. In the past, dealers suspected of cheating were either marked or driven a couple of hundred miles out into the desert and left to rot. To the casinos, card-counting is akin to cheating.

"I've heard stories about people being harassed and beaten," Sklansky said. "But I don't know any names, and it hasn't happened to me." Several other card-counters said they had heard much the same thing, but none could cite specifics.

But in *Rouge et Noir*, a gambling newsletter published in Glen Head, New York,



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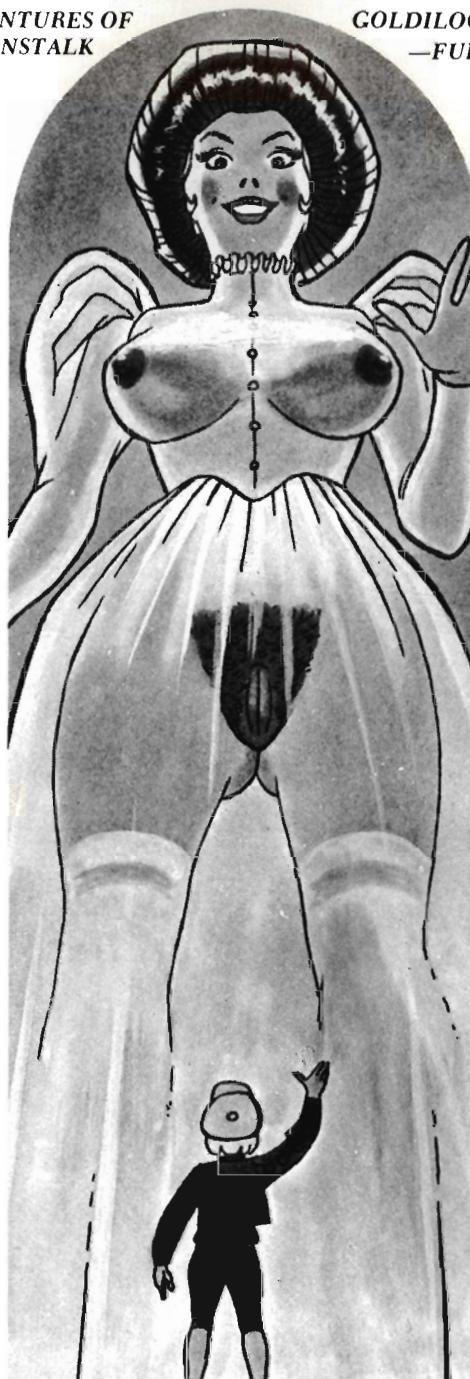
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a Vegas "insider" is quoted in the May 10, 1976 issue: "Some of the casinos are resorting to threats of physical violence using the services of an 'enforcer' to whom you [the editor, Walter Tyminski] refer. The situation is explosive because the enforcer is also an employee of a major Strip casino.

"You must appreciate the fact that the industry is particularly upset by the full-time card-counters who reside in the area. We consider such players to be a plague on the industry.... But such individuals aren't scared off by legal action. They do understand physical threats, and the 'enforcement' approach has been successful in running some counters out of town. I don't agree with the 'enforcer' approach, but it does work."

"As a matter of fact, business losses are an argument that many counters are using against the casinos, and it takes time and hard work to learn to do that well," Roberts says. "And as it turns out, the business is self-liquidating because anyone who can count can be anything. And therefore the casinos have even less to fear from the counters because once they get 100 grand to 150 grand, they quit."

Roberts himself is a case in point. After winning in Vegas, he wrote a book about it (*How to Win at Weekend Blackjack*) and went into the publishing business. His company, Scientific Research Services,

now markets a number of gambling publications, is starting a magazine devoted to the subject, organizing tours from California to Vegas, and teaching classes in card-counting. Roberts is too busy getting rich at all this to play much cards. Many other counters have gone the same route.

"The whole thing is ridiculous," Roberts says of the casino madness, pointing out that it was publicity about card-counting successes that made blackjack so popular a game. "They should take on all comers like they say. That's what it should be. It should be thought of like a smorgasbord restaurant. You put out the food. Some people will eat a lot and make pigs of themselves, but they'll be more than compensated for by the majority of people who eat far less than it costs to feed them."

The premise is fine. But Roberts ignores how deeply ingrained the "sucker" mentality is in Vegas. It's their game. They own it. Don't come knocking on their door and expect to win.

What do the casinos have to say about all this?

"We have no comment at all," said a spokesman for the Dunes.

"We're not going to comment," said a spokesman for the Sands.

"We've got nothing to say about this," said a spokesman for the MGM Grand.

And so on. 

SEX PLAY

(continued from page 21)

be, they are already last year's fashion. The latest thing is "mood" panties. Conceived in the wake of the mood ring fad, mood panties sport a heart over the crotch that changes color in accordance with the wearer's rising passion—the colors blue, green, brown and black can mean, respectively, sexy, playful, cuddly and frigid. The innovative undies are being sold by (who else?) Frederick's.

Perhaps the best indicator of the widening popularity of such sexy lingerie is its emergence aboveground. All the major manufacturers of ladies' underwear are now styling their products primarily with sex appeal in mind, as evidenced by the lurid lingerie ads one sees nowadays. Whether or not this trend will continue remains to be seen. Given the unpredictability of fashion, the manufacturers could very well return to their original priority: foundation. Straps and clasps more complex than anything confronted during the '50s may be waiting for us next season. Some men, like Kevin, would no doubt welcome the revival. As for me, my clumsy fingers tremble at the thought.

* * *

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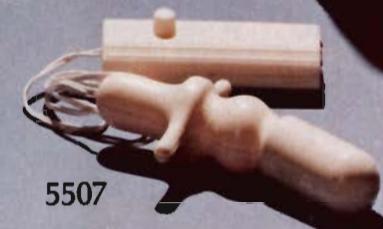
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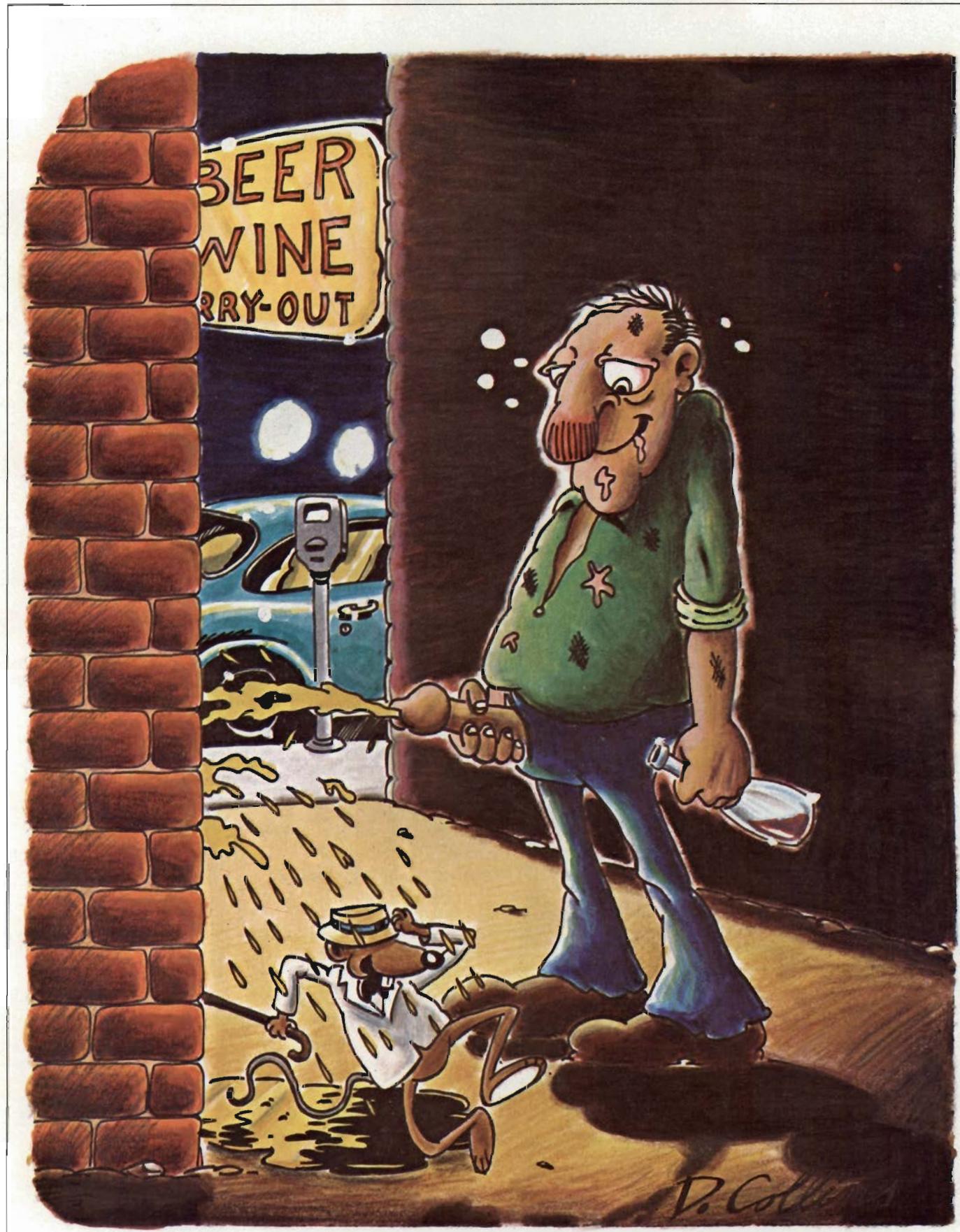
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"I'm singing in the rain... I'm singing in the rain."

GUIDE TO VD

(continued from page 82)

There are no typical chancres. They differ with every infected person and can be as small as a pinhead or as large as the tip of the thumb. But what doctors call the classic chancre, when fully developed, is about as big as the tip of your little finger. It looks as if a circular piece of flesh had been hollowed out of the surface of the cock, the lips of the vagina, the mouth, the nipple, etc., exposing raw meat. The rim of the chancre is hard and slightly raised. There is no pus, but pressure will sometimes force out a fluid, which, under the microscope, reveals crawling active spirochetes.

In a month or so, the chancre heals, even without treatment. If the chancre is small or hidden, perhaps inside the vagina, the infected person may not realize that there is anything wrong. The spirochetes continue to multiply and destroy healthy tissue.

After a period of approximately six weeks, the skin may erupt in a rash. Many times the rash covers the entire body, but it can be relatively limited. The rash usually doesn't itch or irritate, so an infected person could ignore it and fail to seek treatment. The rash is called mucous patches when it appears on the tender membranes of the mouth, throat, genitals and the rectum. Mucous patches, each about one-half inch in diameter, start as flat, red areas of broken skin. Suddenly, they change to gray, ulcerated sores, moist circles of dead flesh. Also in this stage of syphilis, hair may fall out, making the scalp and eyebrows look moth-eaten. A scabby rash may cover the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet. The list of possible symptoms goes on—repulsively.

It may take several weeks, but all this will clear up even though left untreated because your system has its own natural antibodies to counteract almost any disease. This is also true with syphilis. For two-thirds of those infected, these antibodies will keep the spirochetes permanently neutralized. Within a year, most of these people are no longer contagious, and there is little further damage to their systems.

The catch is that you can never know for sure that you're in that "safe" two-thirds because if you're not, in a year, five years, 20 years, the protective antibodies will begin to lose the battle. The destruction will resume, and the disease will take its toll.

Eighty percent of the losers will die from cardiovascular complications, the spirochetes having torn up the valves of the heart or aorta. Syphilis may invade the central nervous system and will cause ex-

cruciating pain, loss of coordination and reflexes and finally paralysis. Sometimes the disease invades the brain, causing it to shrivel away from the skull and degenerate. The person slowly but progressively loses his mind—the terminal victim becomes a quivering, drooling, incontinent lunatic.

Adding to the horror, a few victims of syphilis in its final stage develop gummata, soft, rubbery tumors resembling scar tissue that mar the surface of the skin and internal organs. Slowly, the cellular structure breaks down as if you were being eaten away. If you survive long enough, you might see your nose ooze off your face.

All this pain and suffering are totally unnecessary. If the disease is detected in its early stages, a simple injection of penicillin can effect a cure within a week or two. Penicillin arrests the progress of syphilis even in the late stages, although parts of the body may be beyond repair.

Pregnant women, if they don't receive treatment, can pass the disease on to their unborn children (congenital syphilis). If the disease is detected and treated early, one injection can save them both. If you are allergic to penicillin, another antibiotic can be substituted.

Cure does not mean immunity. Once all

the spirochetes are killed, you can become infected again by another contact with the disease. The condom provides some small protection, but because the disease can be transferred from so many different parts of the body, rubbers are hardly adequate. The Pill doesn't protect a woman from anything but pregnancy.

Remember, if you are sexually active, you should go for a regular VD checkup. Many cases are detected and treated as a result of the efforts of doctors and public health officials. The earlier the disease is detected, the less chance it has to spread. A sexually enlightened population helps its sick members; it should not try to scare or punish them.

TROPICAL VENEREAL DISEASE

This category includes chancroid, lymphogranuloma venereum (LGV), and granuloma inguinale. These three diseases have almost disappeared in America today.

Chancroid begins with a syphilislike chancre on the genitals, only it is soft, painful and pus-filled. It swells and oozes, creating new sores in a cluster around the first infected area. In rare cases, large runny ulcerations may spread to other parts of the body, especially the mouth and breasts.

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 101). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER, Beaver Hunters Contest, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

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The lymph nodes in the area of the sores can also become infected by the bacteria present and develop into abscesses. A ten- to 14-day treatment with tetracycline usually clears up the disorder.

LGV is caused by bacteria. A blister forms on the genitals. It breaks, ulcerates and heals without scarring, but the lymph nodes in the groin area become infected and swell and fill with pus. The skin over the nodes can only stretch so much, then it bursts open and the foul-smelling pus oozes out. Since the drainage of the lymph glands is blocked, elephantiasis of the genitals may occur—balls as large as oranges, pussy lips heavy and distended. Sometimes scarring will seal the asshole, which makes shitting impossible until surgery is performed. LGV responds very slowly to treatment with tetracycline and some other antibiotics.

Granuloma inguinale remains the least prevalent of the tropical venereal diseases. A small, beefy, red ulcer appears in the genital area. It usually doesn't hurt, so victims often fail to seek treatment. As the disease progresses, more of these ulcers break the skin; they rarely heal on their own. A foul smell and intense pain develop. If it is not treated, granuloma inguinale can actually eat away the genitals and surround-

ing area. Again, antibiotics usually clear up the disease if the victim will just get medical attention.

VENEREAL WARTS

Venereal warts are similar to virus-induced warts on any other part of the body; for instance, seed warts on the finger.

They look like cauliflower on the surface, white, hard and rough to the touch on dry skin. In moist areas, they are reddish, and the moisture seems to stimulate their growth. Individuals can contract the infection from a sex partner who has no sign of venereal warts. If they are small enough, they can be easily removed by the surface application of an ointment prescribed by a physician (don't try rubbing Compound W on your cock, or you could do some real damage). Larger warts have to be surgically removed.

Venereal warts pose very little danger to adults, beyond some cases of gross disfigurement—like a holiday wreath of cauliflower around the head of your cock or a vagina so crowded with clusters of warts that it interferes with giving birth.

PRESCRIPTION

If you still can't decide whether the hole in the side of your prick is syphilis or

chancroid, whether the mess dripping all over your Jockey shorts is gonorrhea or NSU, it really doesn't make a goddamn bit of difference. The point is that VD exists. It is disease, not crime. You can have venereal disease without even knowing it, so get a checkup. If you are infected, take the responsibility of telling your lover(s) and make sure that you both receive treatment. If you suspect that you might have been exposed, or if you have any *genital symptoms*, go to your local VD clinic for a free checkup—or to your doctor. But don't allow a bunch of frightened hysterics to involve you in their overreaction to a few microorganisms that happened to wander into your relationship with another person.

The very same people who refuse to recognize that VD exists also claim that readers of sexually explicit material will become maniacal sex perverts. And these same people will still tell children that masturbation will cause insanity, blindness and hairy palms. They claim that making love is an animalistic function, exclusively for the propagation of the species—and is not for pleasure.

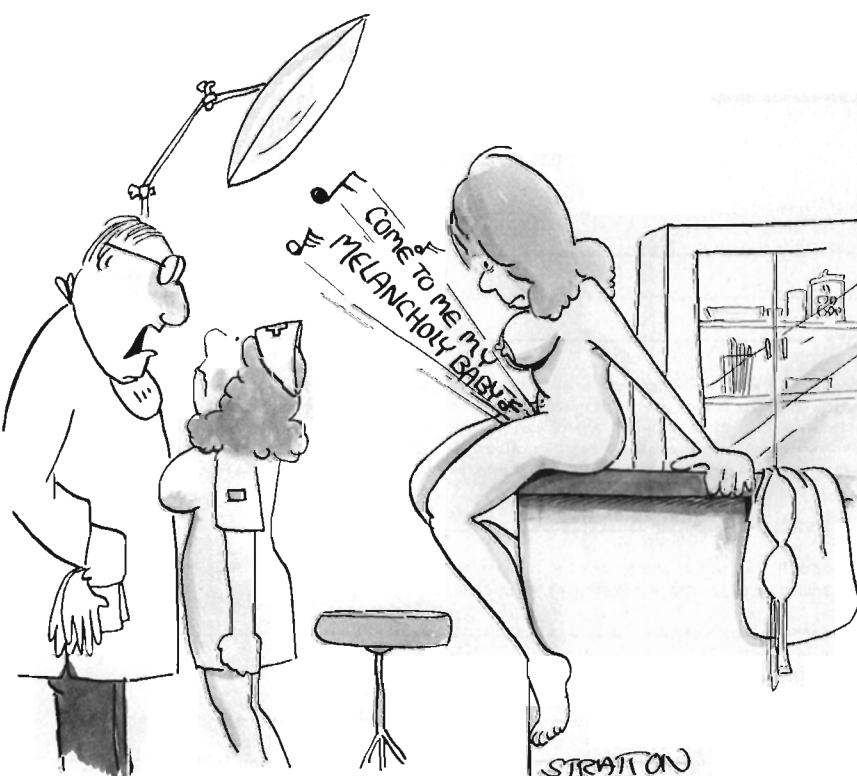
These misconceptions of one of the most basic aspects of human life must be corrected in order to free the minds and bodies of mankind—and to bring venereal disease under control. Intense and complete sex education is imperative if we are to protect our children and ourselves.

However, just being informed of the dangers of VD is not enough; sexual attitudes must change, too. The guilt that now surrounds so much of sex has to be removed. If we free ourselves from this guilt about sex, then there's a good chance that we will be free from guilt about sexually transmitted diseases—a huge step toward early treatment and control of VD.

Don't be denied your sovereign right to sexual freedom and sex education. Those conservative attitudes that have promoted the scourge of venereal disease will allow millions more to suffer through ignorance and shame.

If you can make love, you can get VD, and you can infect a lot of other people. If you don't want to catch a venereal disease, and you'd rather not stop screwing altogether, you'd better start helping to control VD.

If you are unable to find the location of your local public health clinic or venereal disease clinic, there is a national hotline for this information. Call: Operation Venus 1213 Clover Street Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19107 800-523-1885 (outside Pennsylvania) 800-462-4966 (in Pennsylvania) 



"What! You called me out of surgery
just to hear some cunt sing 'Melancholy Baby'?"

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German tickler
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Interbank No.	Ex. Date	Mo. Year
Signature (You must be 21 or over to order) Subtotal \$ _____		
Ohio Residents add 4% sales tax _____		
Postage, handling and insurance (\$2 per kit) _____		
TOTAL \$ _____		
Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are carefully packed. Delivered promptly by private carrier. You must be 21 or over. Add \$2 for foreign orders		

Advise & Consent

(continued from page 10)

written two letters to him asking where this device might be obtained and offered to pay whatever his office fee might be. He has never answered my letters. I am desperate. Can you help me? Is this device for real and where can I get it?

B. K.
Los Angeles, California

The device Reuben described is called a transcutaneous nerve stimulator. A low-volt, pulsed current is sent through electrodes that are attached to the skin. The nerve stimulator's purpose is to relieve pain, and there is no definite evidence available that it will produce an erection. The device is available only with a physician's prescription, so contact your doctor and see if he feels it will be able to help you. Since many physical therapy departments use it, ask him if it is possible for you to make an appointment to see if it will work for you. If it does, the stimulator is available through any large hospital or medical equipment company for approximately \$315.

A second device that has been developed recently, with a high degree of success, is the inflatable penile prosthesis. The components are implanted in the body: two plastic tubes in the penis, a pump in the scrotum, a reservoir of saline (salt) solution under the abdominal muscles. This system works by hydraulics: Pressure on the pump in the scrotum causes the fluid in the

stomach reservoir to enter the tubes in the penis and results in an erection. The equipment is devised so that accidental loss of erection does not occur. The fluid that creates the hard-on remains in the penis until the pump is released. The prosthesis causes no discomfort and is not noticeable. You can get a brochure from the manufacturer: American Medical Systems, 3312 Gorham Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55426. The system costs about \$1200, plus surgeon's fees.

Also, you might consult with the Spinal Cord Injury Service, Rancho Los Amigos Hospital, Downey, California 90242, which has programs specifically geared to people with injuries such as yours. Downey is also the home of the Association for Sexual Adjustment in Disability, P. O. Box 3579, Downey, California 90242.

The problem that my wife and I have is truly different. It started when we got married. Our honeymoon night was the first time we fucked, and I was surprised at the size of her cunt. It was like fucking a jar of jelly, loose and sloppy. But through the years I learned to live with it. She had two kids, and our family doctor wanted to tighten her up, but she refused because she wanted to stay natural.

A few months ago, I caught her masturbating with a large dildo. She cried, but we talked. One day, while reading an article on female masturbation and eating a banana, she got the urge to try it with the banana and derived a great deal of pleasure from it. Now our sex life has changed.

One night, we took a shower together, then we played "69" until we both had orgasms. Once in the bedroom with her "toys," she sucked eagerly on my cock as I played with her big, juicy cunt. When I inserted an ear of sweet corn, she was pleasure-ridden, but the minute I inserted a cucumber, she went wild. My wife could take on those studs with huge cocks you read about without blinking an eye, so I worry that she'll go out and find a big-cocked guy for pleasure. What do you think?

E. J.
Wapakoneta, Ohio

If your wife hasn't gone out looking for big cock in the past, why should she now? You are capable of giving her the pleasure she desires, so don't worry about it. It seems that you two have discovered the way to satisfy yourselves. However, when using vegetables, be sure your wife douches after you play. This will help eliminate the possibility of vaginal irritations caused by the insecticides that are used to spray crops.

While viewing the beautiful pussies of your lovely girls, I was reminded of the recent advertisements for feminine deodorants. My girlfriend firmly stands behind those crappy ads. Her natural odor is precisely what turns me on. I don't mean an unclean pussy, of course, but I find it ridiculous that women actually believe they need perfume or deodorants to make their pussies more palatable. The odor of a wet, hot pussy is a natural turn-on. Why do women use these vaginal sprays?

A. W.
Rochester, Minnesota

Women use these sprays because someone came up with a gimmick and promoted it. The only deodorant a pussy needs is soap and water. The natural smell of a pussy is a turn-on that should not be covered up. In fact, using these "feminine hygiene sprays" is medically unsafe. While not directly related to cancer, these sprays can cover up pathologically caused odors from an unsuspected tumor of the uterus or cervix. These "deodorants" have caused vaginal infections, allergic reactions, burns, dermatitis of the thighs, swelling, itching, inflammation and urinary tract infections. Your girlfriend is wasting her money and inviting trouble. Tell her you want her to be natural.

My wife and I are very happy and have a good sex life. We fuck once or twice a day and love every minute of it. We plan to start a family soon. But while my wife is pregnant, I'm afraid that I will have to go elsewhere to satisfy my sexual needs. I love my wife, and there is no one I want to go out with, but I can't see going all that time without getting laid. What should I do?

J. B.
Des Moines, Iowa

As long as your wife's pregnancy is normal and uncomplicated, there is absolutely no reason why you cannot engage in regular intercourse. In fact, studies have shown that women in the first



three months of pregnancy maintain their usual sexual interest, and in the next three months there is an increase in erotic feelings. Only during the last three months does a woman lose some of her sexual interest. You can keep fucking up to the time of labor as long as there is no pain during the act, no spotting or bleeding, and the fetal membrane is intact. During those last three months, consult with your physician, since fucking during pregnancy depends somewhat on individual physical condition. Avoid undue pressure on your wife's abdomen and penetrating her too deeply.

My girlfriend is 18 years old. She says she has never given head, and I have tried to get her to do it, but she won't. Every time I grab her hair lightly and put her head on my cock, she just stays there and doesn't do anything. I was thinking she just wouldn't tell me because she's afraid I'll think she's a whore or something. Could you tell me if there's any way I can find out if she's ever given head?

R. W.
Superior, Wisconsin

She obviously hasn't or she'd be doing it. There is little reason for your girlfriend to lie about it. Very often a girl is leery of giving head because of psychological hang-ups, such as a fear that the cock is "dirty," or that the act is unnatural. Such objections can be overcome with patience and understanding. Take a shower together so that your girlfriend will be assured of cleanliness. Then eat her out so she can feel the sensations and realize that oral sex is a pleasurable experience. Don't force the issue because it will only turn her off. After she tries it, she'll love it.

First, I want to say you have the greatest magazine. I am a female, age 17, and still a virgin. My boyfriend and I have tried very hard to have intercourse, but my hymen is very tough. I know that there's such a thing as surgical removal, but who do I see to get this done, and will I need my parents' consent? I live in Arkansas, and things are not the same as in the large cities. Please tell me all you can about it.

V. B.
Little Rock, Arkansas

Although not common, a fibrous hymen will prevent penetration since the tissue is unusually thick and tough. Go to a gynecologist, and if this is the problem, he can surgically cut the tissue. In Arkansas, the age of emancipation for a woman is 18. However, there is a clause that states that any unemancipated minor of sufficient intelligence to comprehend a surgical procedure can receive medical treatment without her parents' consent. A family planning clinic may be able to refer you to a doctor who will perform the surgery under this clause.

Bear in mind that the nervousness and excitement that accompany your first sex act often make penetration difficult. Relax. Make sure you are well lubricated, using K-Y Jelly, or Vaseline, if necessary. Have your man open your cunt as much as possible with his fingers. Even though



"Well, there goes the myth."

there may be discomfort, try not to contract your muscles, keep them slack. When you finally feel your boyfriend inside you, it will compensate for the wait.

I'm a married man in my mid-50s. My sex life with my wife of over 20 years has never been very satisfying. We fuck about twice a week. I've tried to introduce her to oral and anal sex in very gentle, loving ways, but she says it is unnatural and won't try it. I love my wife in spite of her uptight ways, and naturally I won't force the issue.

My wife does not ever caress me, touch me intimately, or even put her arms around me while having sex. It's been this way for so many years that I don't remember if she ever did make love to me. She has left all the activity and foreplay up to me. She insists on keeping her pajama top on when we have sex, which is very annoying and frustrating. Usually, you hear stories where the guy rolls off and falls asleep, or gets dressed and leaves. Well, after we have sex, my wife gets up immediately, douches, and doesn't come back to bed. Believe me, this hurts me. I get the feeling she's just servicing me because of an obligation. After sex with a woman, I would love to hold her, kiss her, and talk like lovers do.

I've tried in the past to sit down and talk to her about sex and try to find out what her block is. She would become upset and walk away from me. I've also asked her to tell me what pleases her the most and to tell me if there is anything she would want me to do sexually, but I never get an answer. Frankly, I don't talk about it—or even bother to

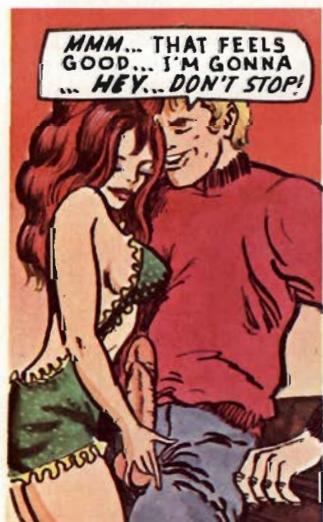
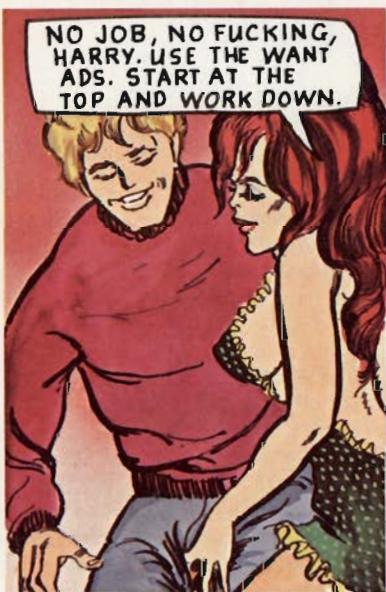
ask anymore—because I've finally given up.

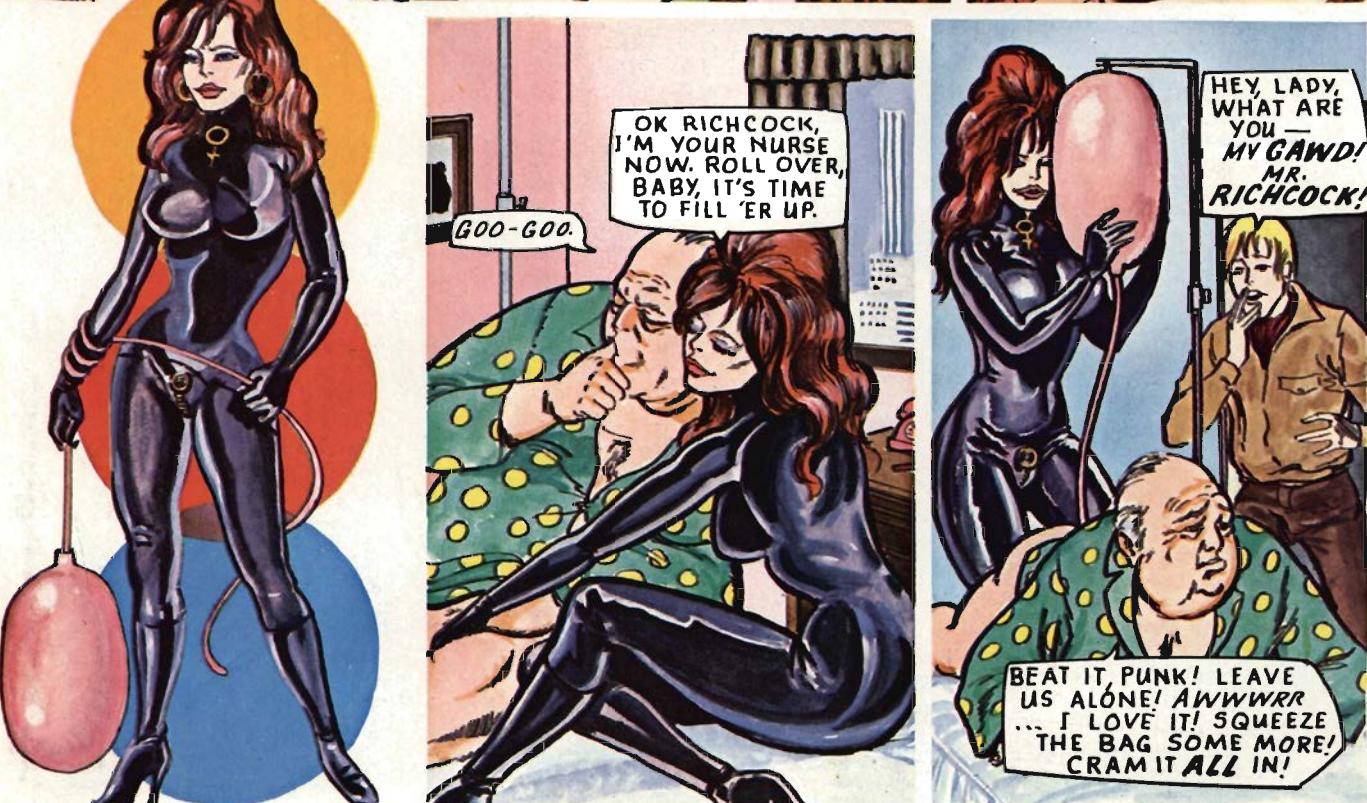
Once in a while I go out and have sex outside the house, but I don't like to do that because of VD. This woman won't even look at your magazine. What gives with her? I guess everyone has some kind of cross to bear, and this is mine.

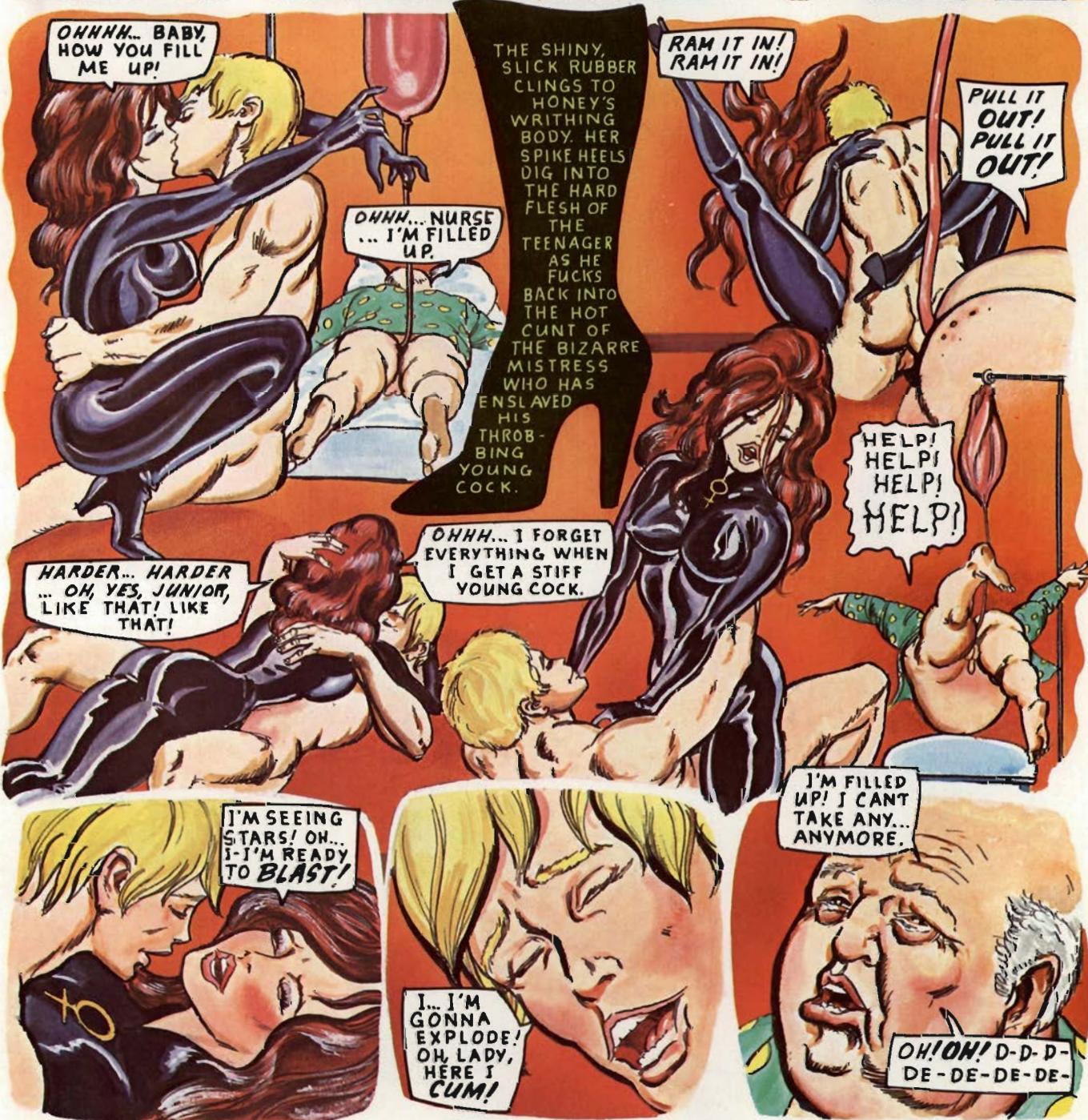
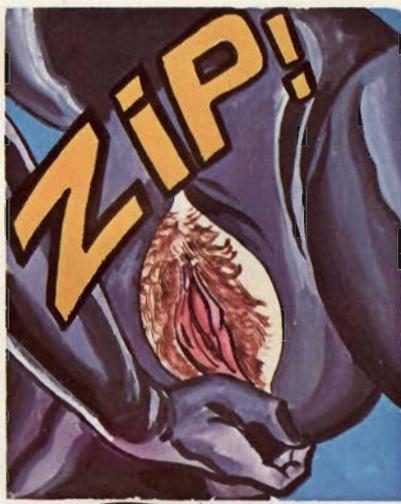
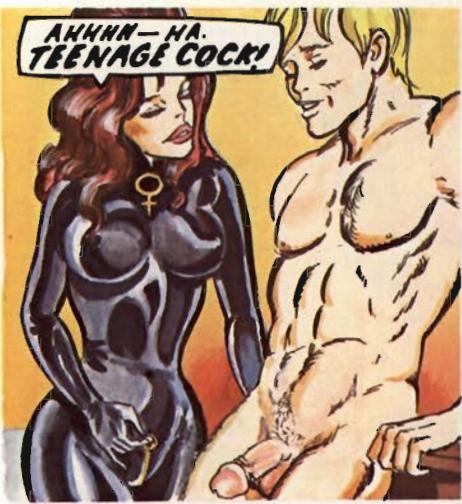
J. M.
New York, New York

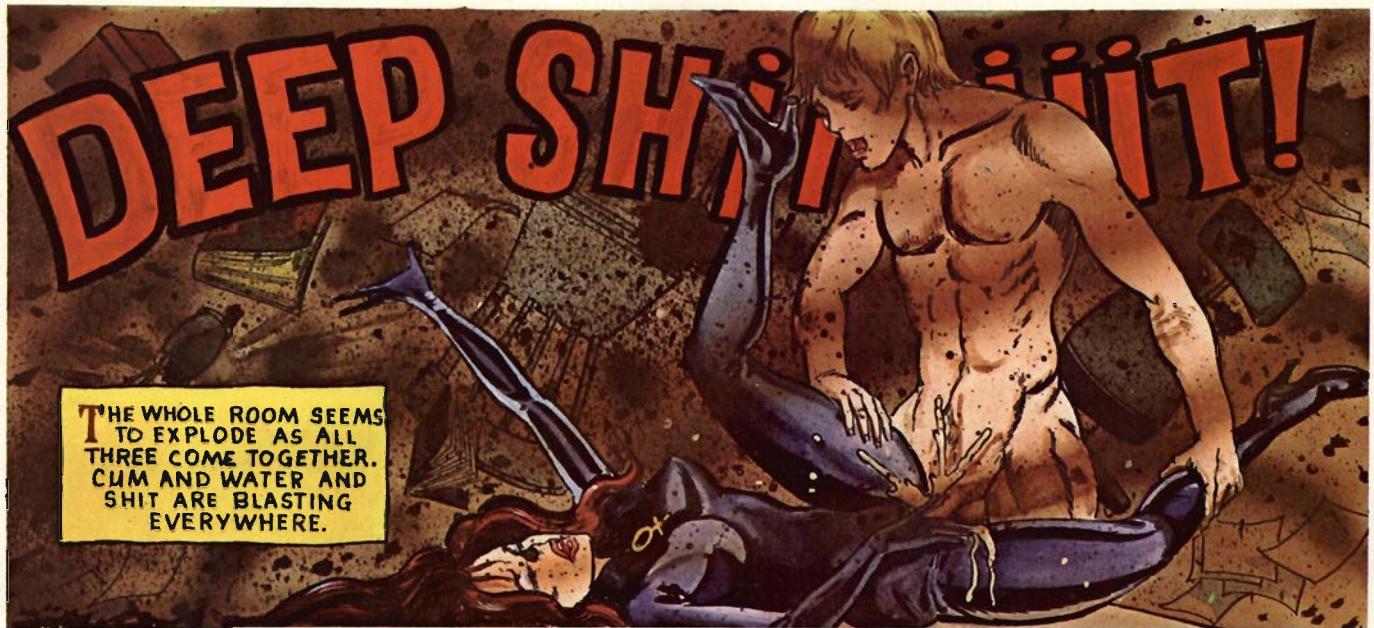
Your wife's lack of sexual interest, or frigidity, is probably the result of psychological factors since you don't mention any physical disabilities. If she feels resentful or upset about your overall marital relationship, she may demonstrate this by her coldness. Some women associate emotional problems of guilt, fear and shame with the sex act. Unfortunately, many women in our culture (particularly your wife's age group) are taught from childhood that sex is "dirty" and "degrading." Even with the sanction of marriage, this attitude is likely to prevail. If she cannot avoid sex altogether, she can avoid it as much as possible by refusing to participate. Your wife could be afraid of physical pain, pregnancy or your condemnation if she lets herself go sexually. Any of these factors, or a combination of them, could be influencing your wife.

Since you have been married 20 years, it is unlikely that your wife will change—particularly if she does not want to. However, you have years of sexual capability to look forward to, and it would be a shame to waste them. Find a woman you like and you trust to be your lover. Such a relationship will alleviate your fear of venereal disease and provide the sexual fulfillment you desire.









NEXT: HOLLYWOOD! IS HONEY'S CUNT JUST ANOTHER PRETTY FACE?

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

This column will help simplify the ordering of mail-order erotica. We will review any mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll actually receive when you order them. We'll also inform customers of how to effectively deal with mail-order firms and alert readers to frauds and faulty products.

Companies that would like to have their products reviewed in this column are invited to send sample merchandise and information to *Mail-Order Feedback (Product Review)*, HUSTLER Magazine, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

Edited by Steve Hanley

BIOFEEDBACK MACHINE

If you're one of those suspicious guys who's never sure his wife, girlfriend or baby-sitter isn't faking orgasm, you might be able to use the *Biofeedback Machine*. It's a battery-operated instrument that resembles an HO railroad transformer and painlessly measures bodily responses to stimuli via electrodes taped to the user's fingers or toes. The machine emits a static Geiger-counter sound that changes to a high-pitched whine as the user's level of excitement increases—until, at the point of orgasm, it shrieks like a finger-fucked banshee.

I anticipated problems in getting a chick to lash herself up to an orgasmic lie detector, so I passed the assignment of product-testing the *Biofeedback Machine* to a married HUSTLER editor, who shall remain nameless. He reported that, as advertised, the machine did indeed match his wife's climactic screams.

Another staffer, who used the machine during an extended period of time, said he found it highly accurate in every instance, not only as a meter of his chick's arousal but as a tool for seduction. After convincing a chick to take a "lie detector" test, he'd ask if the two of them could get it on. A no-no on her lips was overruled by a yes-yes in the machine's high-pitched whine.

The *Biofeedback Machine* costs \$55, plus \$1 for shipping, from Biofeedback Instrument Co., 255 West 98th St., New York, New York 10025. Phil Brotman at Biofeedback is an electronics nut with a genuine interest in his product, and we consider him to be a safe seller.

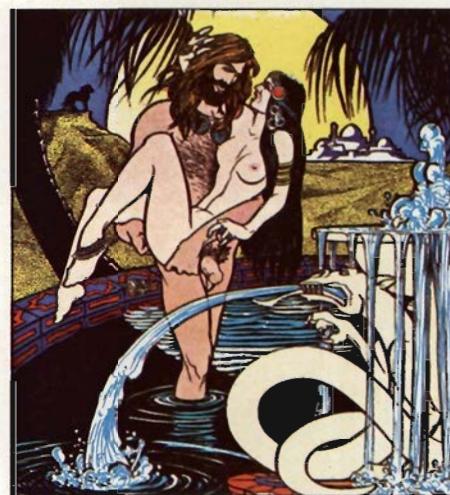
WET SATIN

Zap Comix made underground erotic funnies a national pastime in the late '60s. Since then, the field has been dominated by men. In most of these books, women have served as little more than semen receptacles—to the delight of male chauvinists everywhere. Now, women have dealt the industry a kick in the nuts with *Wet Satin: Women's Erotic Fantasies*, a book that not only focuses on women but is produced by female artists and writers.

Published at 75¢ a copy by Kitchen Sink Enterprises, a division of Krupp Comic Works, Inc., P. O. Box 7, Princeton, Wisconsin 54968, *Wet*

Satin showcases a variety of styles and points of view. As indicated by its title, the idea of the book is to get the juices flowing in readers' crotches by exploring, mocking and, in some cases, dispelling myths about women's sexual role in society.

At times, *Wet Satin's* illustrations and story ideas are right on target, but on the whole the book is distinctly not up to par with the rest of the field. *Ain't Life Grand?* and *Rawhide Revenge* are stories that most closely follow the styles of underground erotic work we've seen before.



while *Flight or Fancy* and *The Cock Pit* take a more surrealistic approach, both in art and story lines. The traditional underground coupling of sex and dope is handled in *NoseFuck*, and the book looks at the taboo of menstrual cunnilingus in *A Mature Relationship*.

The erotic content of the book remains high throughout, however, and publisher Denis Kitchen told us it's the first book in Krupp's seven-year history that their Midwestern printer has refused to print.

FEEDBACK LETTERS

If you have any problems with the service you receive from any mail-order advertisers, including those in HUSTLER, write us a letter so we can alert other readers to possible rip-offs. Include the firm's name, address and all pertinent facts about the incident. We'll contact the firm and check it out. If you have dealt with a good, reliable company, we want to know that, too. Address your letters to: Mail-Order Feedback, HUSTLER Magazine.

The American International Film Festival, 210 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010, has taken my cherry. I received an ad in the mail from them, offering films that the company claimed were winners of the "International Pornographic Film Festival," held in Hamburg, Germany. The ad said all movies were in color and super 8mm. I ordered 13 films but only received two. One was in black and white, the other was nothing more than a collection of clips from several movies—supposedly the "Festival" winners and not the titles I ordered. Neither movie was super 8mm, and both were shitty.

Perhaps some other HUSTLER readers can benefit from my experience with this rip-off outfit, while I release my ankles and stand back up.

D. D.

Richland, Washington

We forwarded your complaint—along with quite a few similar letters from other readers—to American International Film Festival. The company notified us that it reshipped orders or refunded the money on "most" of the complaints. We remain skeptical, and we would appreciate comments from customers as to whether this company really did make good on its orders.

In November 1975, I received an ad in the mail from Universal Publications, Inc., Box 129 Church Street Station, New York, New York 10008. Their descriptions of the movies they were offering sounded good, so I ordered one. I hadn't received my order by February 1976, so I wrote them, asking for either the film or my money back. They replied that they no longer had the movie I ordered, but I could order anything I wanted from their next circular. I did so in April. It's been a year now, and I still haven't gotten my order. I conclude that I've been ripped off.

J. S.

Minneapolis, Minnesota

We sent a letter to Universal Publications, Inc. inquiring about your problem. The letter was returned marked "Box Closed," so it appears Universal has skipped with your bread. We suggest you contact both the postal authorities and the U. S. Attorney's office about this matter.

I ordered *The Devil in Miss Jones* and *Deep Throat* from American Film Hits in Madison, Wisconsin, in February 1976, but never received them. After I sent two letters of inquiry to the company, they said they were preparing to ship my order. I still haven't received the movies, nor have I received an answer to a third letter I wrote them. I checked and found that my postal money order for \$200 had been cashed. I am quite upset, to say the least. Please help me find out what's going on.

G. C.

St. Louis, Missouri

We contacted American Film Hits in July, when we first heard about customers having trouble with the firm. Film Hits claimed that the problems originated with the previous owners and that everything would be straightened out under the new management. Since then, however, so many readers have complained about not getting their orders, or about receiving the wrong films, that HUSTLER will no longer print American Film Hits' advertisements. We have forwarded all complaints to the company with a strong demand for action. If you don't hear anything from them soon, we suggest that you contact the postal authorities. ☺

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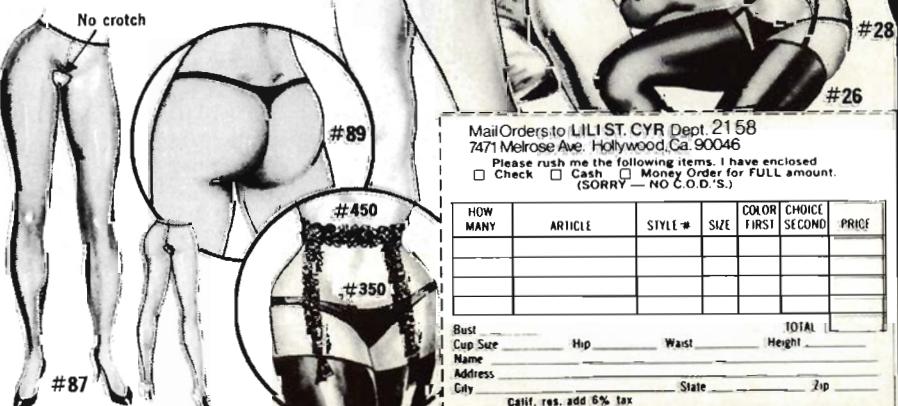
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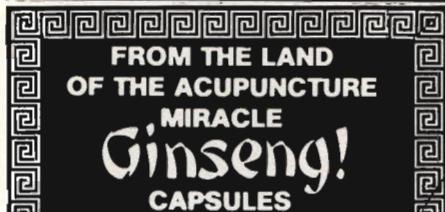
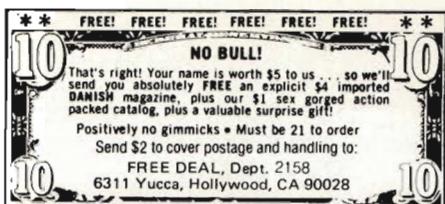
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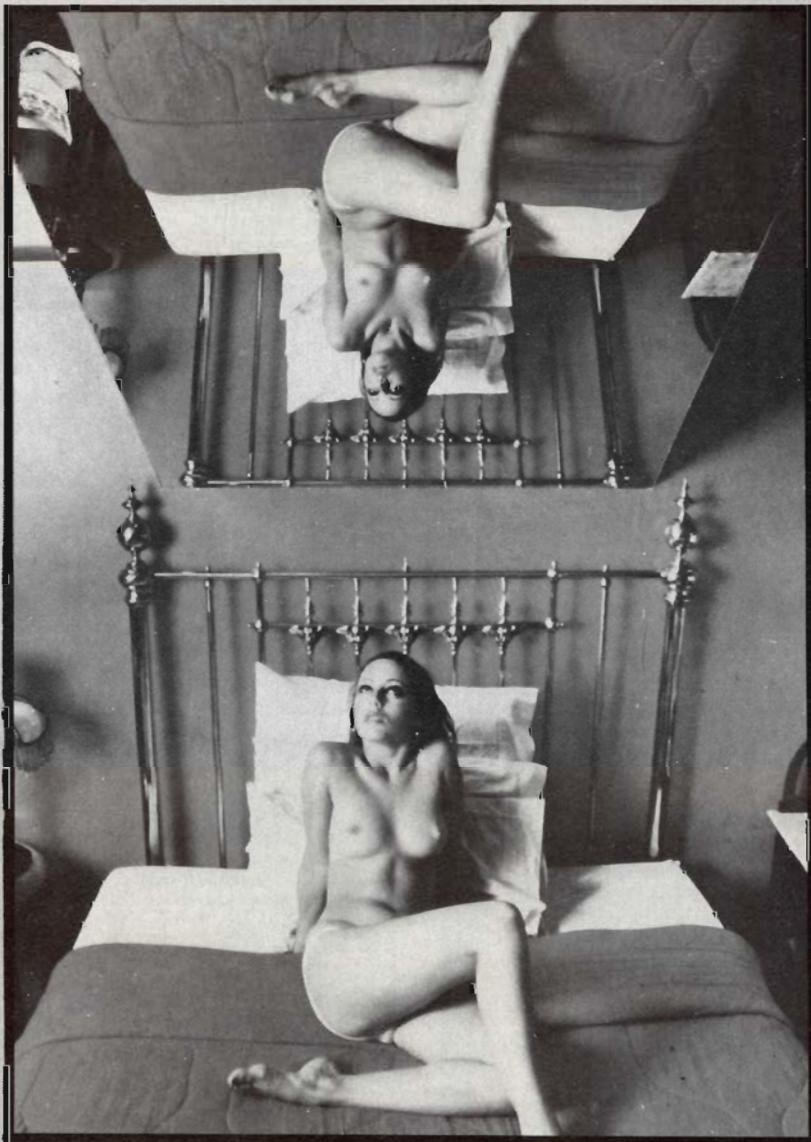
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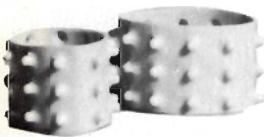
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- **HUSTLER PROFILE: DAVID ALLAN COE**—Caught in his own bullshit, this genuine badass shit-kickin' outlaw country musician is playing second fiddle in Nashville's superstar band. By Michael Bane
- **AD PARODY**—Madison Avenue has its perverted ad concepts thrown up in its face with these thumb-to-nose photo parodies of famous advertisements. By Steve Sayadian
- **THE NUN'S TAIL**—An American expatriate cocksman meets a Boston ex-nun in Greece and gets a taste of the forbidden fruit in HUSTLER's January fiction. By Harold Norse
- **MAGAZINE REVIEW**—HUSTLER gives its annual erotic update in this glossary of glossy girlie rags. By Dave Gale
- **HOW TO APPROACH A HOOKER**—If you're striking out at singles bars, you're probably ready to cash in your savings bonds and to take the gash-for-cash dive, so HUSTLER's January SEX PLAY gives tips on how to look before you're hooked. By Sam Conley
- **KINKY KORNER**—A reader finds that he's hot shit at one of Saigon's steam and cream parlors.
- **KARYN, RAQUEL and CONSTANCE** will help your new year come in with a bang, or you can sit back and ogle FRAN: THE EXHIBITIONIST, or just enjoy A PASSING FANCY.
- **PLUS**—Erotic voting in HUSTLER's First Erotic Movie Poll and wacky weirdness in BITS & PIECES, MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK, HUSTLER HUMOR, ADVISE & CONSENT, AMATEUR BEAVER HUNT and HONEY HOOKER.

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